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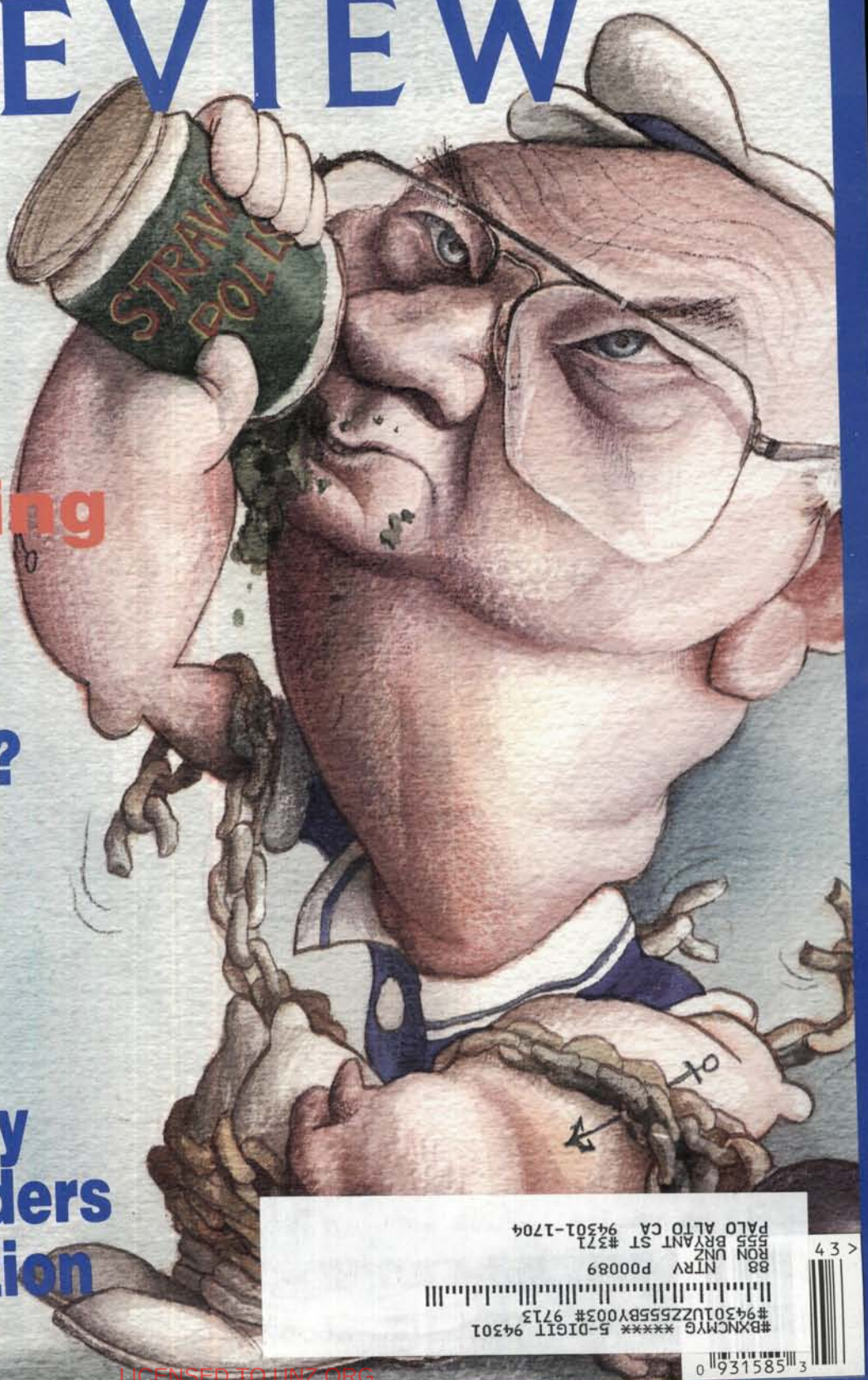
NATIONAL REVIEW



STRONG TO THE FINISH? Gramm Gets Going

Has Powell Got The Right Stuff?

Historians, Abortion, And Fraud

The Slavery Black Leaders Don't Mention

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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NATIONAL REVIEW
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Cover by Roman Genn

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"After a while, nothing helped my knees. I had to have something done."

J. PERRY
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Walter "The Buzzard" Perry says he was born to be a songwriter. In fact, he carried his guitar with him on the Italian front during World War II and serenaded his platoon. But 15 years ago, he started singing a different kind of blues.

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LETTERS

Is NR *Here to Stay?*

Terry Teachout's review of *The Joys of National Review* [Aug. 28] was worthy of its subject. I object only to Mr. Teachout's stating that the "kids of Generation X don't gulp down magazines the way" he did when he was a teenager. Is he implying that NATIONAL REVIEW will die out with his generation? How dare he! I have been reading *NR* since I was 14, am 19 now, and am only one of a circle of friends who gleefully welcome the arrival of each new issue. You *will* continue to publish it if *we* read it, won't you?

Jeannie Schindler
Burbank, Calif.

Yes—and even if you don't. —ED.

Who Belongs in Court?

As usual Harry V. Jaffa carries the day against legal positivists, in this case Lino Graglia ["God and Man in Court," Aug. 14]. Since Mr. Graglia and the like-minded argue that a theory of natural law leads to judge-made "rights," let's grant them their worst-case scenario and then pose this question: Which would be preferable, judges spinning new rights out of thin air much like what has already happened in America, or a reign of positivists like Mr. Graglia who maintain that whatever law society makes against a supposed right "demonstrates that there is no such right in that society," thus clearing the way for would-be Hitlers to maintain legally and logically that certain segments of the population have no right to life?

Ross Nelson
Fargo, N.D.

Lino A. Graglia ends his remarkable article "Does Constitutional Law Exist?" [June 26] with what amounts to a question: "No task of American Government is more urgent than finding a means to limit that power [of the uncontrolled Supreme Court]." But, in fact, he must already know what that means is.

The Founding Fathers did not assign to the Court the task of interpreting the Constitution. The Court pre-empted that power. To take it back would require non-existent courage on the part of our pols. A good example is the recent decision by the people of California to limit immigrants' rights, an overwhelming majority ruling which was halted by a single judge. Pete Wilson could have made some courageous points for himself by reversing the judge with a dictum that this law, passed by the people, will be enforced and that the will of the people overrides an idiotic ruling by a power-hungry federal judge.

In a word, judges (or Justices) alone do not absolutely own the right to interpret the law. It was not given to them. To make a ruling effective would require that both sides of an argument agree beforehand to abide by the decision.

D. L. Haggard
Orofino, Idaho

Editor's note: Letters of 200 words or fewer have a greater chance of being published.

Ready to Hold Office?

How hard it is to be a proper libertarian conservative nowadays, and what sacrifices David Ramsay Steele had to make in "Why Stop at Term Limits?" [Sept. 11] to recognize that a "typical product of Sixties participatory sentiment" might nonetheless have something useful to say about the lottery as an instrument of direct democracy. Yes, Mr. Steele, sortition is "particularly suited to the modern world of political entities with enormous populations and with the technical means to select randomly from large data bases." Why is it so hard for Mr. Steele to imagine that good-willed critics of representative oligarchy might support that statement even though they disagree with him about some of the ends and goals of the democratic polity? Rather than dismissing allies on the other side he might give some thought to the notion that "Right" and "Left" can share certain procedural democratic ideas, and that this common ground might even be part of the reason why nineteenth-century notions of Right and Left of the kind that *NR* seems so anxious to maintain have actually ceased to be relevant to our current politics.

The real importance of the lottery in a democracy is that it depends on the readiness of every individual to play the role of citizen and that, in turn, requires a civicly literate population made up of individuals who are well-educated, who have experience with service and governance, and who are willing to work together with people who have radically different positions and values from their own. The point of direct democracy is precisely to de-ideologize and depolarize the kinds of adversarial, bifurcated electorates that two-party representative government invariably seems to produce. So, Mr. Steele, why not relax and accept that democracy is a common good for us all and that its improvement remains a goal for all Americans?

Benjamin R. Barber
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J.

International Bodies

In "Nightmare Time" [Sept. 11] W. F. Buckley Jr. states: "Not that the idea of an international body was wrong . . ." He protects himself against total critique by the deliberate generality of the term "international body." He must have meant the United Nations and its claim to eliminate war. That idea was, and is, not wrong, but false. What is false is the implicit comparison of a group of states aspiring to some unity of decision with a human body and its unity of will. Each state is, indeed, a body of common human life. Precisely for this reason, however, a group of states remains a number of different bodies which never amount to an organic unity of will.

There are, indeed, international bodies with real authority to make super-national decisions, but each of these deals with some matter of limited and practical nature not concerning the whole of existence. By contrast, peace and war have no meaning except the whole of existence. Specific aspects of trade, travel, currency, and health constitute international concerns in terms of relations not between the states as such but rather between organizations and institutions within the states.

Each state is a whole by virtue of historical roots reaching deep into the past. Hence these unique wholes cannot in turn be parts of a larger whole in the way in which the citizens of each state are parts of a higher whole. The decisive difference consists in the powers over persons and property which alone draw something of a holiness from reaching somehow to the core of life. Thus groups of states cannot and must not be thought of as if they were similar to people united by a government.

Gerhart Niemeyer
Notre Dame, Ind.

All That and a Bag of Chips

We need more than a V-chip in our televisions [Sept. 25]. How about an LP-(liberal propaganda) chip, which would block most of what passes for news on the television networks? An OJ-(O.J. Simpson) and a DT-(daytime talk show) chip would also be a blessing. Of course there wouldn't be much left except the Weather Channel.

Michael J. Karagozian
Sylvan Lake, Mich.

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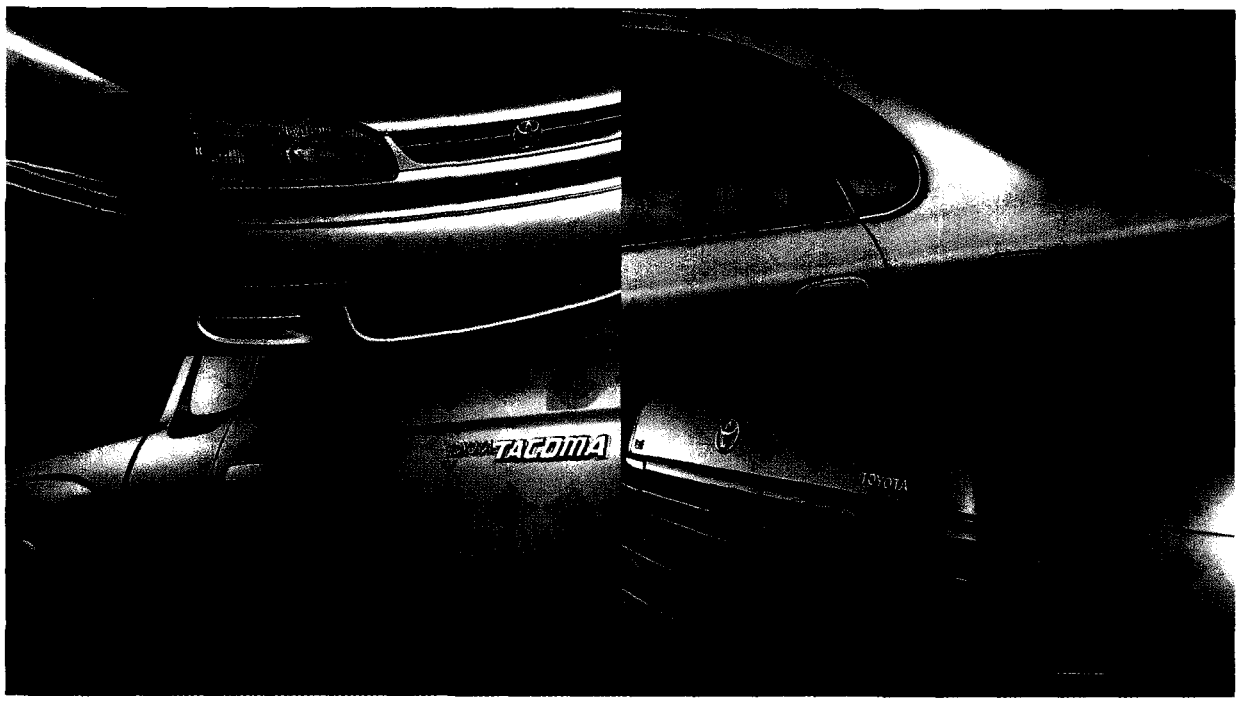

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FROM THE EDITOR

Regrets Only

■ Ramesh Ponnuru's article (page 29) is a powerful exposé of willful self-deception on the topic of abortion. It is one of several major articles on abortion that have recently seized scarce space in the opinion journals.

Now, a media-savvy observer, informed of this, would assume that the articles were strategic assessments of the GOP's internal struggle over its pro-life platform—with the pro-choice "moderate" Republicans gaining ground.

Not so. Only one of the articles fits even half of that description: namely, David Tell's eloquent editorial in *The Weekly Standard*, which, from an unambiguous pro-life standpoint, castigates Republican politicians for failing to spell out exactly why abortion is humanly and morally repugnant. As Robert P. George once complained of President Bush on abortion, they are "All action, no talk."

Interestingly, however, the articles now appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The New Republic* offer exactly what GOP politicians shrink from: namely, moral reflections on the repugnancy of abortion. And Naomi Wolf in the latter does so from an explicitly pro-choice standpoint—indeed, from the boldest possible pro-choice standpoint, since she maintains both that abortion is the taking of an innocent child's life, often from purely selfish motives, and that it should remain entirely legal.

As my summary suggests, her argument is a curious blend of public-relations calculation and moral reflection. The calculation is that pro-choicers are losing the argument because they have ceded moral concern to the pro-life side. She therefore proposes a form of moral concern compatible with abortion on demand: namely, to commit the sin and repent afterwards, perhaps with some added frills such as services to mourn the aborted child.

Now, no Catholic is psychologically unfamiliar with the temptation to keep the possibility of repentance in mind when committing a sin. But it is a temptation, not a moral solution. For repentance cannot justify a sin, nor even cancel it out in advance. Otherwise, we could happily murder our wives on the same principle: Murder today, regrets tomorrow.

No matter. Miss Wolf's article is an important one. It indicates that the first stage of pro-choice consciousness—simple self-deception—is over. The pro-choice movement has graduated to casuistry. And casuistry, as La Rochefoucauld might have said, is the tribute that intelligence pays to vice.

■ It appears that I was wrong to attribute the "bottle-scarred . . . battle-scared" apology to the *New Statesman* and to think it fictional. One reader, Charles Heller, attributes it to William Randolph Hearst's *New York American*, and thinks that the veteran in question was World War I hero, Barney Ross. And Robert Conquest sent me two pages from a 1936 BBC radio talk by Rupert Gould, reprinted in his book, *The Stargazer's Talks*, which suggests that the victim was a Civil War veteran, General Wentworth.

John Mclaughry, meanwhile, reports a mangled apology almost as embarrassing: "Yesterday's edition referred to Walter Smith as 'a defective on the police force.' It should of course have referred to him as 'a detective on the police farce.' "

Gould's book seems a rich source of howlers. The two pages before me cite no fewer than 12, one being an entire book—"the celebrated *New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*—better known as *English as She Is Spoke*" —written in the 1860s by two Portuguese gentlemen, neither of whom spoke a word of English. Their preface ends, almost touchingly: "We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him, and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

Words foil me.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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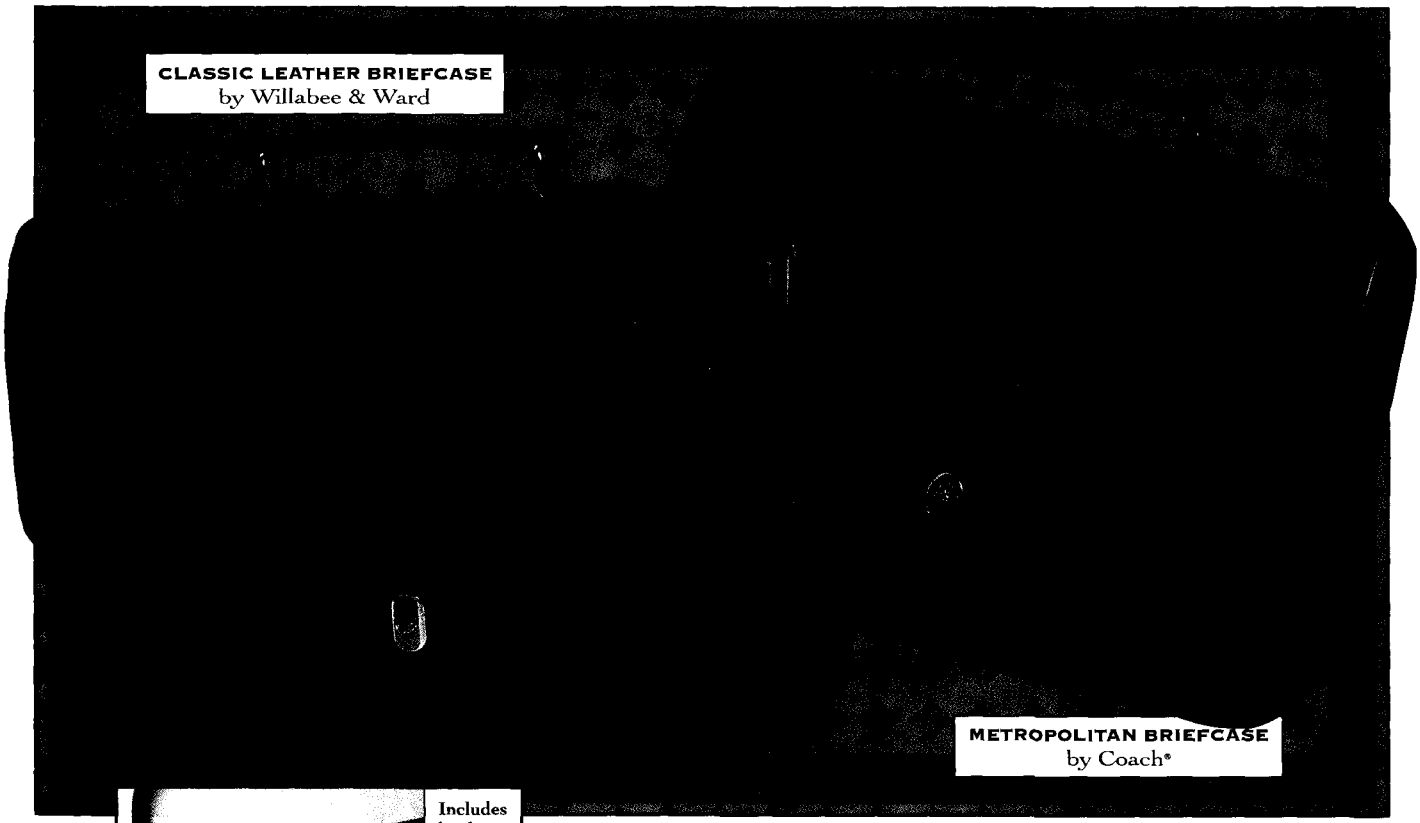

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Pete Wilson** out, **Steve Forbes** in. Pledging to spend $25 million of his own money and decrying "narrow, cramped, and constricted" vision of GOP field, Forbes takes shots at **Phil Gramm**: "I reject the grim notion . . . that the wagon is heavy and crowded and now is the time to start throwing people off." On the family cap (denying additional benefits to women who have children while on welfare), pushed by Gramm: "The American people will not tolerate cutting off benefits for children." (**Lamar Alexander**, hawking pure devolutionist line, calls welfare reform "disaster for our party.") . . . Forbes dances around on abortion. Says of pro-life pledge: "I'm not signing any of those pledges." Asked whether he is pro-life, responds he is "pro creating an environment where abortion would disappear." . . . Reagan Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger** on whether his presence at Forbes's announcement implied an endorsement: "My presence implies my presence." . . . Despite incessant praise from pundits, Wilson couldn't overcome fundraising and organizational woes. Wilson chairman **Craig Fuller** avowed just days before candidate's exit: "Our campaign is on track, our strategy set." Commentator **William Schneider** was buying it. "Wilson has always had a special genius for positioning. That's exactly what he's doing right now." . . . **Bob Dole** down to 36 per cent in Iowa sans **Colin Powell**, in dead heat with Powell (both in mid 20s) if general runs. Gramm is at mid-teens under either scenario. . . . In New Hampshire too, Dole and Powell neck-and-neck. Without Powell, Dole has 32 per cent to **Pat Buchanan**'s second-place 13. . . . Gramm campaign general chairman **Charlie Black** says Gramm strategy is to make the cut in Iowa, New Hampshire then get to "Gramm-friendly" South and West, where 55 per cent of delegates will be chosen; Arizona and South Carolina are must-wins.

■ **Ross Perot** has announced third party, but who is his candidate? Probably not Powell, said to be unwilling to sully independent reputation, while former Republican Gov. **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.), retiring Sen. **Bill Bradley** (D., N.J.), Sen. **Sam Nunn** (D., Ga.), former Sen. **David Boren** (D., Okla.), and Rep. **Marcy Kaptur** (D., Ohio), all mentioned as possibilities. . . . Most likely candidate: Perot himself. He would be limited to contribution of just $1,000 to his party's candidate if it's someone else. "It's just a phony front for him coming in the back door again," says a disillusioned 1992 Perot volunteer. . . . **Bill Bennett**'s advice to GOP on Perot: just "let him go." **Newt Gingrich** calls Perot effort a "fantasy of delusion." . . . Amid Powell speculation GOP consultant **Roger Stone** recounts **Richard Nixon**'s assessment of Powell–**Eisenhower** comparisons: "People don't understand how tough and ruthless Eisenhower was in the struggle to get to the top. Powell may be a great soldier but he is not a politician" . . . Columnist **Charles Krauthammer** dubs Powell "the single greatest danger to the Republican revolution in the country today." . . . New York Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** calls potential Powell run a "great help to those people in the party who view themselves as moderates."

■ After **Carter** "malaise" comparisons, **Bill Clinton** back-pedals on American "funk": "I think it will be difficult to convince people that I am advocating the politics of a national funk. It's so inconsistent with my own outlook toward life and the way we try to do things around here." . . . Clinton on Powell: "He's a very appealing man. I think, at heart, he is probably a Democrat." . . . *U.S. News* reports Clinton still "worries that he has not yet given voters a compelling reason to re-elect him." Campaign's biggest "challenge" will be coming up with re-election drive's "central rationale." . . . Meanwhile, Democratic National Committee wants Clinton's name pulled from nationwide November "City Vote," reportedly fearing poor showing against Colin Powell or **Jesse Jackson**.

Matt Rothco

"I'm glad the French are ignoring world opinion—I thought it was just you they ignored."

■ Arizona Rep. **John Shadegg** (R.) named new GOPAC head, filling vacancy left by Gingrich. . . . Dole hands his PAC, Campaign America, and its $1.7 million to **Dan Quayle**; move interpreted as another attempt to woo social conservatives. . . . Republicans gained control of Maine House of Representatives when Democrat switched party; state chambers switching from Democratic to Republican control since 1992 now at 21 and counting. . . . White House denies report that it's pressuring ex-Gov. **Jim Florio** (D., N.J.) to stay out of next year's Senate race, for which Rep. **Robert Torricelli** (D.) has already announced. . . . N.J. Gov. **Christine Whitman** (R.) warns that GOP "faces defeat" in 1996 thanks to "extreme positions" on issues like abortion. . . . Rep. **Mel Reynolds** (D., Ill.) on sentence to five years in prison for sex with 16-year-old: "When they shackle me like they shackled my slave ancestors and take me off to jail, nobody in this room will see me crawl." . . . Rep. **Sam Gibbons** (D., Fla.) complains of Republican handling of Medicare: "You're a bunch of dictators, that's all you are. I had to fight you guys fifty years ago." . . . Citizens for a Sound Economy sponsors pledge supporting flat tax signed by Buchanan, **Bob Dornan**, **Arlen Specter**, Gramm.

■ *Golden Girls* star and Medicare expert **Estelle Getty** flacks for Democrats in attack video on GOP Medicare reforms, while rock singer **Jimmy Buffett** offers variation of his famous line at Clinton fundraiser: "Some people claim that there's a woman to blame, but I know it's all Newt and Bob Dole's fault."

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THE WEEK

■ FLASHED OVER THE WIRE, 10/3/95, 10:08 A.M. PDT, FROM THE CITY OF LONDON TO WALL STREET: What did O.J. say to Johnnie Cochran immediately after the verdict was read? "Can I have my gloves back now?"

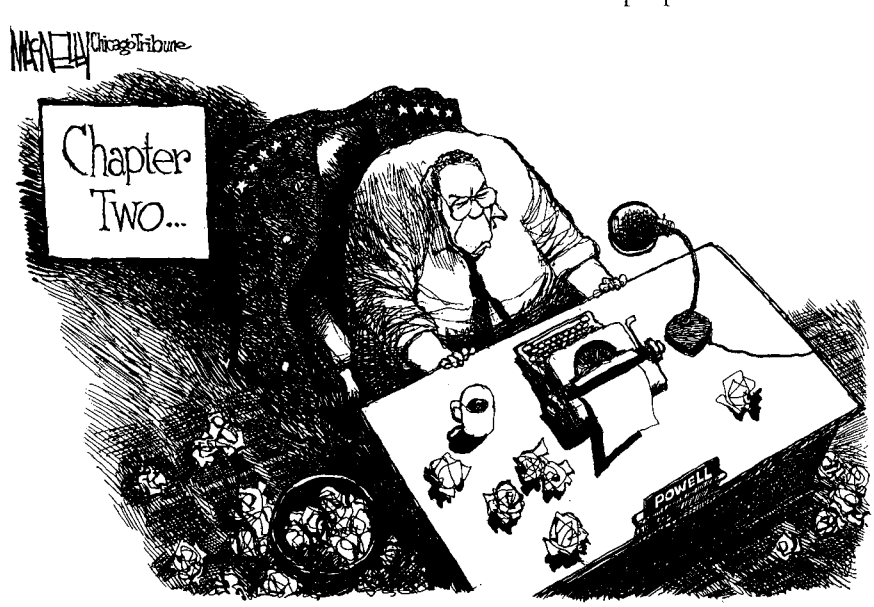
■ SEEN AROUND TOWN: Johnnie L. Cochran Jr., coming to court in the homestretch of the O. J. Simpson trial accompanied by Nation of Islam bodyguards, then giving a speech to the Congressional Black Caucus, greeted by standing ovations. Now, thirty-odd years ago, if a lawyer for the Birmingham church bombers had rolled into court with bodyguards in white hoods, then addressed a Goldwater for President rally, wouldn't there have been—comments? It's not just that much of the black leadership is behaving like a separate nation, it's that it is behaving like a banana republic: anything goes, and nobody else cares.

■ The way conference committees work is fairly simple. Conferees from the House and Senate meet behind closed doors to iron out the differences between their bills, each protecting his particular interests; then they present their work as a *fait accompli* to the House and Senate. But a revolt of House conservatives, especially freshmen, brought down the conference report on the defense appropriations bill last week—a signal that the freshmen won't be lapdogs of the congressional leadership. The freshmen are particularly wary of the conferences on appropriations bills because they feature representatives from the two groups they trust least: senators, and House appropriators. Their fears were borne out in the defense bill when a House-passed prohibition on abortions at military bases was watered down. This prompted the bulk of the defections, but "cheap hawks" also objected to funding for another Seawolf submarine, and others insisted on language requiring congressional approval before troops are sent to Bosnia. The revolt—led by aggressive new lawmakers like Mark Souder (Ind.), Sam Brownback (Kan.), Steve Largent (Okla.), and Mark Neumann (Wisc.) and principled older ones like Chris Smith (N.J.) and Bob Dornan (Calif.)—is considered unseemly by some veterans who are content to curtsey to the realities of Washington. Among those realities now must be counted a House freshman class whose curtseys are rusty.

■ President Clinton modestly announces that we get but one chance in a hundred years to elect someone of his caliber. Just as well, considering the country's chance of surviving two of him.

■ Which caliber Mr. Clinton had in mind, he did not say. He has several thousand Big Macs to go before he equals the physical caliber of William Howard Taft. In office-holding caliber, he is still far behind FDR and LBJ in domestic disasters, but the equal of Jimmy Carter in foreign-policy fumbles, in the Kennedy league on bimbology, miles ahead of Warren G. Harding in corruptness, behind almost everyone in electoral majorities, and in a class by himself in ducking investigations.

■ Republicans are once again demonstrating their killer instinct—for killing their own most popular issues. Trying to reform Medicare while ignoring powerful social issues like racial preferences was risky enough. Now some Republicans are backing off from tax cuts, spooked by Democratic rhetoric about "cuts" in Medicare to fund "tax cuts for the rich." Four Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee—Alfonse D'Amato (N.Y.), Orrin Hatch (Utah), Larry Pressler (S.D.), and Alan Simpson (Wyo.)—have called for whittling down the tax cut, and Bob Dole indicated on *Face the Nation* that they might get their way. Newt Gingrich quickly responded that the Senate "is honor-bound to deliver" on its tax deal. Phil Gramm, newly on the Finance Committee despite Dole's maneuverings, wrote Gingrich that "I will fight any effort to dilute the tax cut or make it temporary." Committee Chairman William Roth—he of Kemp–Roth—also stuck to his guns. D'Amato and Hatch are backtracking. But now Larry Craig (Idaho) and other members of the conservative Senate Steering Committee are proposing to make the tax cuts last only four years, in the expectation that major tax reform will be enacted by then. Republicans should hope that Gramm, Roth, and Gingrich prevail. The bigger the tax cut now, the easier tax reform will be later. And the proposed tax cuts—at



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$245 billion—are already smaller than the $350-billion cut promised in the Contract with America. Any smaller, and they will be imperceptible.

■ Abner Mikva has resigned as White House counsel, he *says* because he's "running out of steam." But you have to wonder about the real reasons after President Clinton lauded the "special combination of legal acumen, wise judgment, and uncompromising integrity [he brought] to his job." What use are *they* in this White House?

■ Welfare is no longer an entitlement. No matter which welfare-reform bill passes, Washington will stop sending state governments open-ended accounts for their AFDC and Medicaid programs. This is half a revolution. Unfortunately, the Senate balked at an even deeper reform. Liberal Republicans refused to pass the "family cap," under which welfare mothers who had additional children would not get a raise in their AFDC payments. That was too harsh, said the liberals; it went too far, too fast. Yet this very provision is the cornerstone of a law adopted in New Jersey three years ago at the behest not of conservative Republicans, but of a liberal Democrat—Governor Jim Florio. Data covering the cap's first 16 months show a 10 per cent reduction in births to welfare mothers, as well as a shrinkage in the welfare rolls, according to Robert Rector of the Heritage Foundation. New Jersey saved no money in the short run: while imposing a family cap, the state also extended medical benefits to families that went off welfare and to women who married working men, thereby pushing total welfare expenses up by more than 50 per cent since 1992. But by cutting illegitimate births New Jersey has set the stage for long-term reductions in spending and dependency. That may be why the liberals objected.

■ How would the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* react if the Unabomber demanded they print a story about the death of Vince Foster?

■ If you like mismanagement, government-funded left-wing advocacy, and rapid spending growth, you should love AmeriCorps, the Administration's national-service program. Some of its most egregious grants were withdrawn after bad publicity: $1.2 million for a community association in Denver that sent AmeriCorps members to distribute campaign leaflets attacking a city councilman; $1.1 million for the leftist group ACORN, which disrupted a speech by Newt Gingrich in the spring. According to an (arguably optimistic) study by the General Accounting Office, projected government expenditures per volunteer are $27,000. When President Clinton promoted the program, he promised that the private sector would cover half the costs; the actual figure is about 8 per cent. To be sure, some AmeriCorps members are doing good works—but volunteers in the private sector do the same things for free. Although the House and Senate have voted to zero out funding, the program is likely to be restored in negotiations with the White House—possibly with prohibitions on grants for political advocacy or on working at federal agencies. But killing the program would be the real national service.

■ After setting the modern record for number of presidential announcement speeches, Pete Wilson has finally ended his candidacy. One announcement of that should be conclusive. There was no way Governor Wilson, whose chief weapon is the TV ad, could win grass-roots GOP primaries. There was no way a pro-choice candidate could get the nod of a pro-life party. There was, finally, no way Wilson, the shameless panderer, could gain the loyalty of increasingly sophisticated GOP activists. But Wilson excelled in the game of media expectations because, at least initially, his "moderation" seemed closer to the pundit class's own values than the stance of any other GOP candidate. Which, of course, was exactly the problem. Bring on General Powell.

■ The Atlantic States Gay Rodeo Association held its annual Gay Rodeo in Maryland recently, only to meet with protests from three animal-rights groups, including the Gay and Lesbian Animal Rights Caucus of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. At issue wasn't just the usual rough-and-tumble of lassoing and smacking steers to the dirt, but certain "camp" events such as goat dressing, in which contestants get hold of a goat's hindquarters and fit it with drawers. "They don't need to force panties on a goat," said one lesbian protestor, and she's right, they don't, and there's a lot more they don't need to do, but we can't explain it, because words fail us.

■ The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regretfully announce that their patience with President Powell is exhausted.

Murder Most Foul

CAPTAIN Dreyfus, despite all the verdicts of all the courts (except the last), was not a spy. O. J. Simpson, despite the verdict of this court, is a murderer. President Clinton opined that a jury has ruled, America must accept its verdict. Only if America is as dense and deluded as these 12 jurors.

The relatives of Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman will, it seems, bring a civil suit against Simpson for damages arising from wrongful death—in effect, murder by another name. If he should lose, the Justice Department would be justified in charging him with depriving his victims of their civil rights. Until then, he must be left to the court of public opinion, where the proper verdict is shunning. There is a well-marked road back for celebrity rogues: carefully controlled appearances; interviews about the "experience"; the book. No self-respecting businessman should play

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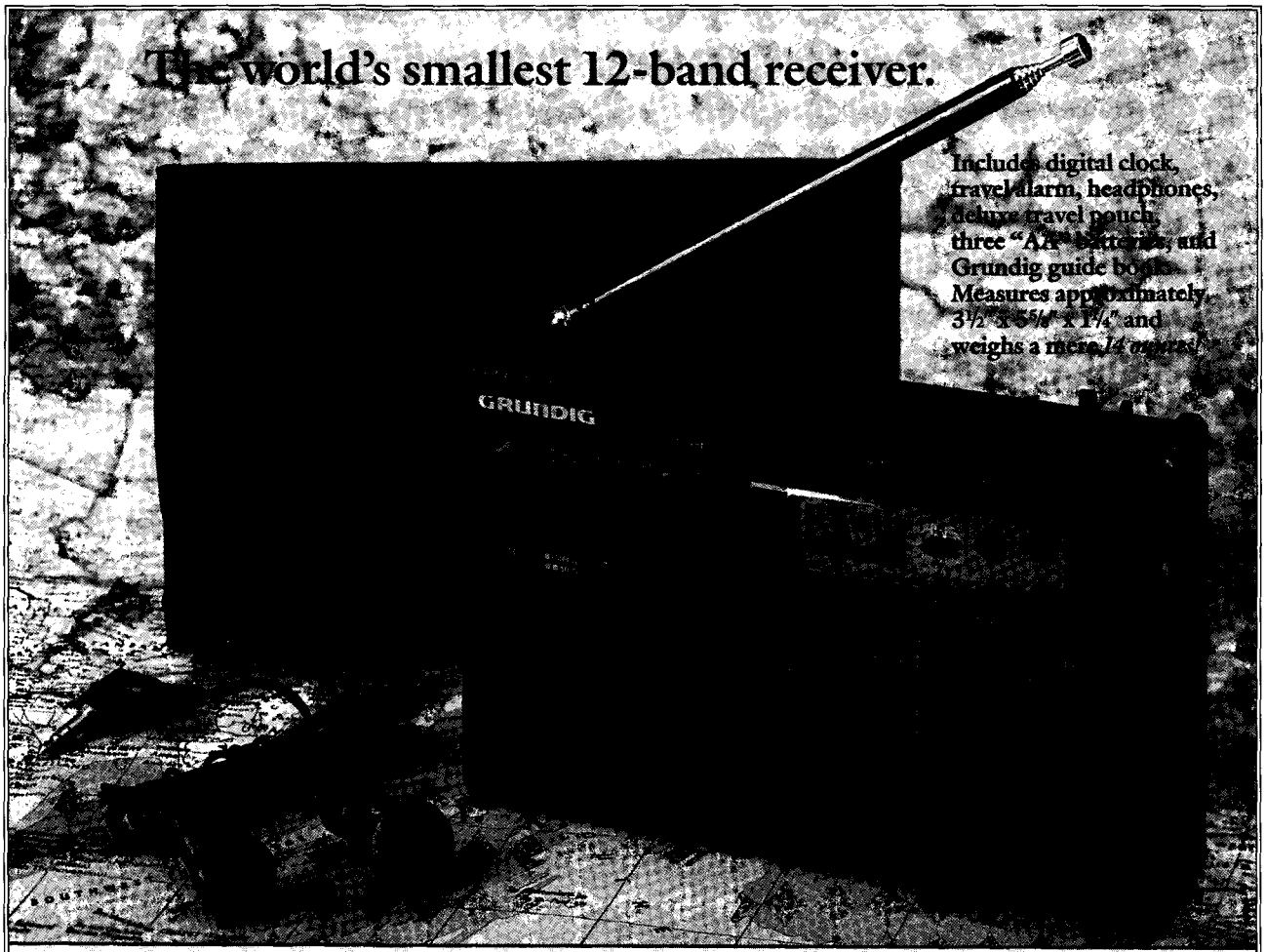

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along. Self-disrespecting ones will, and there are already rumors of million-dollar deals from producers and publishers (nice work, if you can get it). They should be boycotted by advertisers and customers, and chastised by stockholders.

The grossest pathologies of the Simpson trial were racial. Can juries function in a society as divided racially and culturally as ours? Most blacks, out of pure tribal loyalty, wrapped Simpson in hero-victim's robes. (In his appearance before the Congressional Black Caucus, Johnnie Cochran defined the Simpson trial as a civil-rights case.) Meanwhile, it is a worse crime to say "nigger" than to slit your wife's throat. Detective Mark Fuhrman is a bum, but, *pace* Cochran, he has killed fewer people than Hitler—or than Simpson, for that matter.

But the more damaging pathology exposed by the trial is the corruption of the legal system. Trials have become brownie-point contests between rival gangs of lawyers, conducted according to hermetic standards of judgment, and in a vacuum-tube of epistemological nihilism. Hence the many rancid defendants who have escaped punishment even when there was no racial angle: the Menendez brothers, the assassin of Rabbi Kahane. Celebrity lawyers who master the game grow rich on justice denied.

We extend our sympathies to the grieving Brown and Goldman families—and to our misruled country.

■ CORRECTION: A phrase was inadvertently omitted from Mark Levin's piece on Ruby Ridge (Oct. 9). The FBI's rules of engagement for Ruby Ridge stated that FBI snipers "can and should" shoot any armed adult male, whether or not their lives or the lives of others were in imminent danger, if he refused to surrender. . . . We regret that we misidentified Martin Sieff in the September 25 issue. He is a foreign correspondent for the *Washington Times*.

Gentleman Callers

THERE is a specter haunting the two-party system—the specter of the Outsider. How conservative Republicans handle it may determine their chances of recovering the White House.

The specter takes two forms, representing different social and ideological tropisms. Colin Powell is a political outsider only by virtue of his profession, and his race. Otherwise, he is a man of the establishment, with a solid, sensible demeanor. The Powell boom could become what Alice Roosevelt Longworth called the boom for Wendell Willkie: a grass-roots movement sprung from the grass of a thousand country clubs. Ross Perot is yang to Powell's yin: cranky, irascible; the village eccentric plus $5 billion. Politically, the possibility of a Powell candidacy attracts liberals—Anthony Lewis has practically been handing out bumper-stickers—and many of Powell's pronouncements (on affirmative action, abortion, welfare, and even racism) justify liberal enthusiasm. The Perotistas, by contrast, lean strongly, if erratically, to the right. Perot, for all his wealth, is a trailer-park populist.

If Powell runs as a Republican, he will change the debate, not, as liberals imagine, by pulling it to the left, but by forcing the other candidates to be more explicitly and intelligently conservative. Bob Dole will no longer be able to count on conservative support in return for speeches dropped here and there like calling cards. He will have to show an understanding of the issues he has taken up, a mastery of the relevant arguments, and a passionate delivery. Phil Gramm, Pat Buchanan, and Steve Forbes will have to do more than trump Dole by saying that they are further right. In a foretaste of the general election, they will have to shape their arguments in ways that refute or co-opt the arguments of moderates and liberals.

All the career Republicans will have to study one another's positions. The ideal candidate, depicted as a bandage-swathed "Invisible Elephant" on the cover of *NR*'s June 26 issue, would have the foreign policy of Dole, or Richard Lugar; the government-cutting determination of Gramm; the tax-cut fervor of Forbes; the gimlet-eyed analysis of affirmative action and uncontrolled immigration of Buchanan; the cultural sophistication of non-candidate William Bennett; and the geniality of the Gipper. Of the elephants out there, the one who wins the nomination will be the one who most closely resembles this composite.

Then will come the challenge of wooing back the Perot voters, whether they have rallied to a new party or are staying glumly home. Figuring out from Perot's pronouncements what they want is a daunting task—how much Larry King can anyone be asked to watch? But some preferences are clear. The Perotistas want term limits, campaign finance reform, protectionism, and (a little-reported datum from their last conclave) immigration controls. On protectionism, a conserva-

A Certain Disarray

The tax cut "for the wealthy"
Drip, dripping on Dole's brow
Like Chinese water torture
Is leading toward a row
With Newt's true-blue believers
As Hatch and Simpson retch,
While Al D'Amato, queasy,
Rows slowly from the ketch.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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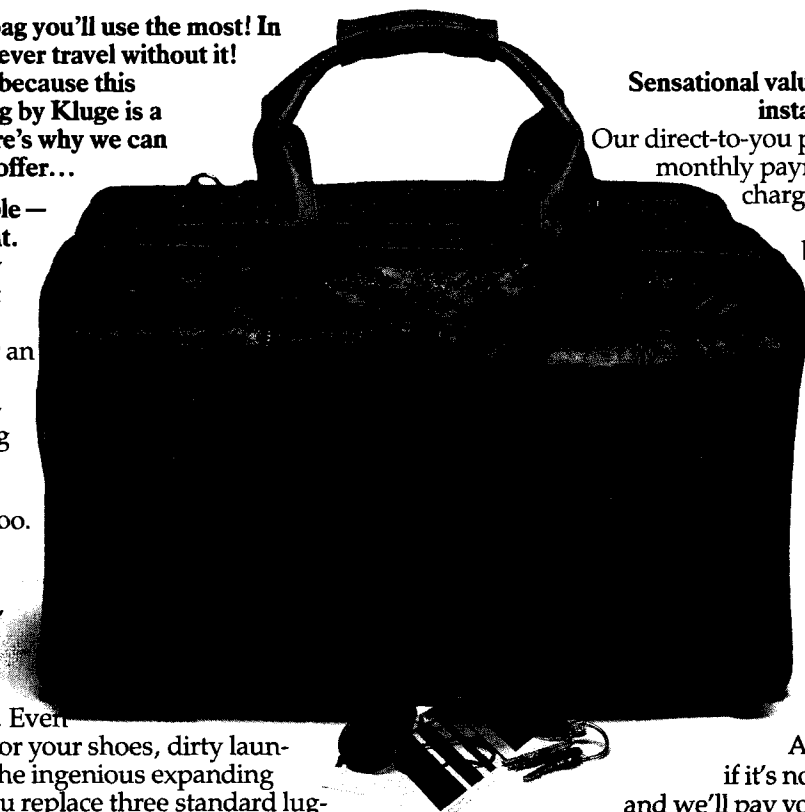

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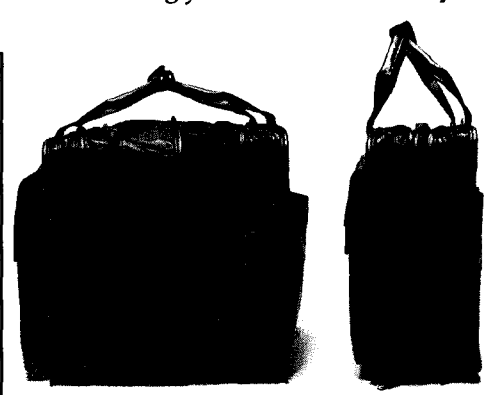

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tive Republican has to bite the bullet and tell them why they're wrong. Campaign finance reform is not high on any realist's list of priorities, but Republican failure to come up with something has helped keep the Perot movement alive. Timidity on immigration and reneging on term limits have done much more. Only if the GOP moves on these fronts will the Perot voter return to his natural home, on the right.

Both the Powellian and the Perotist are bemused by an old idea: the fantasy of politics without politics; of national discussion unencumbered by ideology. (I'd just lift the hood and look in the engine, said Perot.) It is a fantasy, because ideas and ideals provide the only guidance through the welter of events. Without theory the facts are dumb. The way to appeal to the apolitical mind is not by retreating from politics, but by making a political case with skill, and savvy, and heart.

Self-Inflicted Wounds

THE Clinton policy in Bosnia has been riddled with contradictions from the beginning. In its first pronouncement on Bosnia—Secretary of State Warren Christopher's declaration of February 10, 1993—the Administration pledged to send American troops to help police an eventual settlement but did not offer to use its power in any decisive manner to ensure a decent outcome. The flapping sound you hear is chickens coming home to roost. Now that a precarious compromise has been cobbled together by Assistant Secretary of State Richard Holbrooke, congressional Republicans are balking at the Administration's pledge to send U.S. troops as part of an international "peacekeeping" force.

NR has consistently oppo the sending of American ground troops to the former Yugoslavia. The vigorous use of air power against strategic Serbian targets, coupled with the sending of arms and equipment to the Muslims and Croats, had the best chance of producing a just and durable settlement. The pending U.S.-brokered settlement, in contrast, ratifies the results of "ethnic cleansing" and will probably lead to the gradual *de facto* partition of the country. Since the serious flaws of this arrangement are the result of the Clinton policy, Republicans could not fairly be smeared as "isolationist" if they rejected it. The mess is the Administration's fault.

The Republican dilemma, alas, is more complicated. The survival of the Atlantic Alliance is the principal U.S. stake here. The grim choice Congress has been given is either to endorse sending American troops into a risky situation to uphold a flawed arrangement, or else to go back on our word to our NATO allies. The damage already done to NATO solidarity by the Bosnia mess would be compounded if the U.S. backed out of its own plan now. On the other hand, our allies would be even more bitter if America led them in, only to leave as soon as trouble started.

The Administration has been toying with Congress on all these weighty issues, consulting with it only after Bob Dole and nine other senators wrote a stinging letter that insisted on detailed answers to 13 questions on the purposes, scope, costs, and risks. A full national debate is in order. Congress is entitled to good answers to its questions before it decides.

Phantom Workers

BRENDA Reneau was elected as labor commissioner of Oklahoma last November after a campaign in which she accused the Democratic incumbent of being up to his neck in labor-union abuses that cost taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars. At issue was the Davis–Bacon Act, under which the U.S. Department of Labor sets "prevailing" wage rates that must be paid by contractors working on federal projects; Oklahoma's version of the law applies the federal standards to state projects. But since Commissioner Reneau took office, she has found abuses far greater than she had suspected. The Labor Department had repeatedly accepted bogus submissions from labor unions in establishing "prevailing" wages. One example: a paving job in the parking lot of the Internal Revenue Service building in Oklahoma City, which supposedly involved 29 employees using seven asphalt laydown machines and seven rollers. Commissioner Reneau's chief of staff, Jim Marshall, said: "You'd have trouble fitting all that equipment in a workspace that size. It's only a 30-car parking lot. Besides, it's paved with concrete, not asphalt."

The Labor Department's reaction has been to stonewall the state investigators, denying and delaying requests for information. Labor-union submissions obtained after the state filed Freedom of Information Act requests had the union officials' signatures blacked out—apparently to block state prosecutions. But abuses are inevitable because the law itself is absurd. Prevailing wages are as chimerical as prevailing prices for houses or automobiles. In the real world of competitive contracting, wages vary according to differences in skills, fringe benefits, and bargaining power. The groups that suffer most—besides taxpayers—are small contractors and less skilled workers, who tend to be disproportionately minorities.

Brenda Reneau's exposure of union abuses in Oklahoma should galvanize Congress to repeal the Davis–Bacon act. President Clinton might veto repeal (Vice President Gore told the AFL-CIO executive council in February that it could "count on a presidential veto"). Fair enough. That would show clearly who stands with big labor, and who stands with taxpayers and minorities. Mr. President, make our day.

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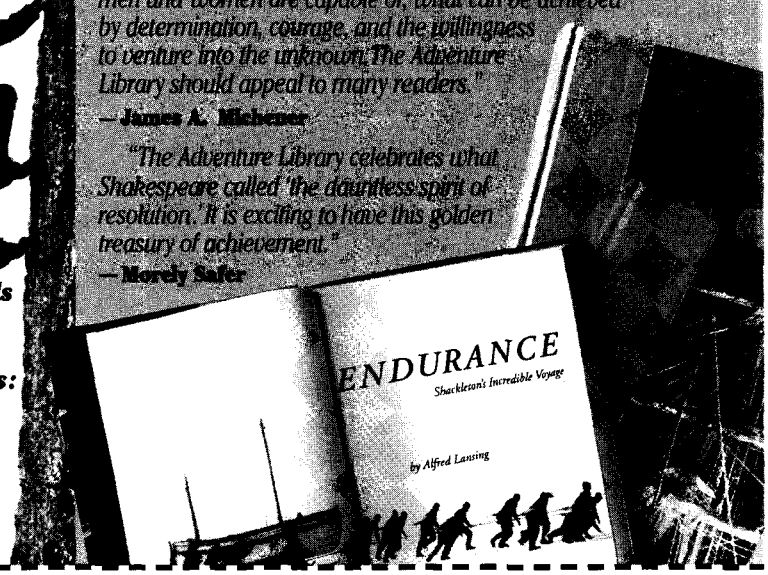

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Peter Shaw, R I P

A COUPLE of years ago Peter Shaw told me that, three decades earlier, as a very young instructor in the Columbia English Department, he had shown up in my office celebrating Fidel Castro. He recalled that I had been "chilly" toward him.

I had entirely forgotten the incident. I suppose I had thought he was just another young pain in the neck, vintage 1960. Morningside Heights was feverish with Castroism then. Castro himself actually visited Columbia, noticeably taller than his Cuban entourage and wearing exquisitely tailored military fatigues. At one of my cocktail parties a Latino Leavisite from the English Department offered to stab John Murray Cuddihy (*The Ordeal of Civility*) in an argument over Castro. The Latino grabbed a kitchen knife. He was blocked by the massive form of Donald Frame, the translator of Montaigne. With competition like that, it is not surprising that Peter Shaw's more demure Fidelismo had faded from my recollection. We had a good laugh over it.

In those days, Peter was a soft-utopian. The Peter Shaw from whom I have drawn strength in the last ten years was an unrelenting analyst of the damage utopianism can do to higher education. His master project was to rescue the classics of American literature from the politics of the professoriate. In pursuing this campaign he wrote some of the best literary criticism it is our privilege to have. His books *The War against the Intellect* and *Recovering American Literature* will last when the writings of the ideologues have fallen into the garbage dump of history.

Few of Peter's friends knew that his heart was a fragile organ. He was vigorous and joyful in his mission, willing to travel, to debate, to bear the burdens of an editor. Like Chaucer's scholar, and indeed almost as thin, he gladly learned and gladly taught. Falling ill of pneumonia, although the physicians were initially hopeful, he failed to recover, and has left us at the age of 58. —JH

The Week in Verse

On *Air Force One*, one dark September night,
Reporters sat, bathed in the cabin light,
And listened to the *President* expound
His theory of the mood down on the ground.
People, he said, regrettably were sunk
Into a deep and bluish-tinctured "funk,"
And he would "get them out"—unless reversed,
He must have thought, and they got *him* out first.
But hobbling to his rescue down below
Was, even then, the poison dwarf *Perot*,
Assuming his old Bonaparte-y part, he
Announced his new, third "Independence" Party.
Forbes joined the race, and *Wilson* bailed out,
While *Powell*'s intentions still were swathed in doubt.

The *Senate* finally voted to disown
The *Welfare State*'s five trillion dollars blown,
Earmarking all that it appropriates
From now on to be squandered by the states.
As *Democrats*, complicit in the plan,
Undealt the whole *New Deal*, said *Moynihan*.
As if! Yet it must still be counted gain
That *Gephardt* and the boys could but complain
Outside the *House*, and hold their hearings in the rain.

Both dry and warm, *Rabin* met *Arafat*,
Stayed at the *White House* for another chat,
And signed a treaty, *Bill* as mediator,
While settlers on the *West Bank* called him traitor.
(In private, *Clinton* sought supporters for
Dispatching soldiers to the *Bosnian* war.)
AT&T split; *Turner* merged with *Time*,
A *Luce* connection *Levin* called "sublime."

Another *California* jury took
A recess from its senses and forsook
The side of *Justice* when the press interred her
Amid a circus rite—and things absurder—
While *O.J.* wrote a check and got away with murder.

—JUVENAL

NOTES & ASIDES

Remarks by WFB at a dinner honoring Firing Line *producer Warren Steibel on his 70th birthday, at the Four Seasons restaurant, Manhattan, September 6, 1995.*

THIS is a happy occasion remarking a melancholy development, which is of course the passage of time. The days and weeks and months and years creep along, without our noticing it very much while it happens. We have a sense of the magnitude of it all only by projecting backward, which is easy to do. What was going on seventy years before Warren et al. were born? Well, Franklin Pierce was President of the United States. The Kansas–Nebraska Act had just been passed. Anthony Trollope published the first of his Barsetshire novels, and Berlioz composed *Les Troyens*. Seventy years is a good spell of time. If we measure back from 1925 to 1855, we are six years back before the Civil War began.

But the accent of the evening, Warren has told me, isn't to be on the eschatological aspects of time but, so to speak, on the timelessness of time. What, we are here to concentrate on, does it really matter—the passage of time? Well yes, at some point it has to be that biological decomposition sets in, but no such thing is visible in Warren. He has always looked as if he were

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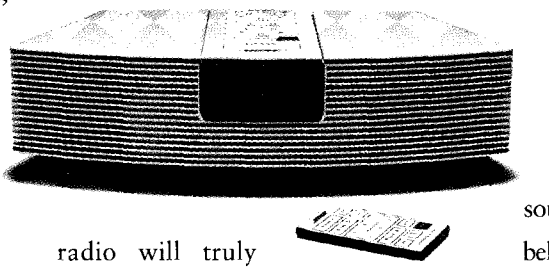

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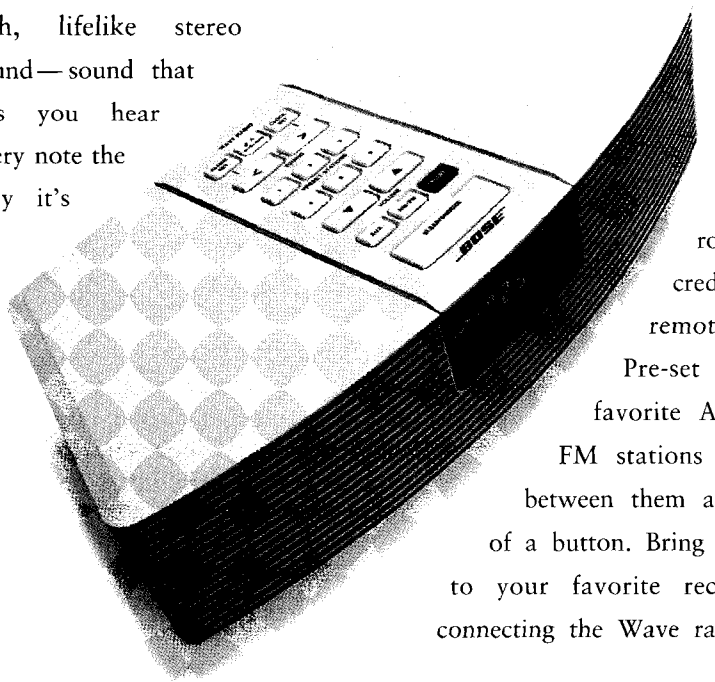

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They All Liked Ike

Colin Powell wrote a book,
Wowing fans in every bookstore
With an enigmatic look
Mummies favored found in Luxor.
Mr. Dole is not amused.
Mr. Gramm's begun to glower
As the elderly, confused,
Mix him up with Eisenhower.

—W. H. VON DREELE

disintegrating, except around the waist. And there are numerous people who will testify to his energy. Some of them are buried, others in hospitals. And we know about his productivity. I mean, we should know about it because there ought to be a more general appreciation of the time spent, the labor and patience involved, in putting together a television program every week, especially if one of the rules is that every single one of those programs is required to feature the same guest, who grows old along with Warren, but like him—and, oh yes, like Senator Bradley, come to think of it—has miles to go before he sleeps.

Only a little while before I met Warren the *New York Times* was publishing references to me as an *enfant terrible;* as of last Sunday, it referred to me, with just a little emanation of relief, as a septuagenarian. One day in a future that by inexorable law approaches, it will refer to me in the past tense with—you will all, in the coils of this evening's protocol, regret—some sense that providence does, every now and again, come through with welcome developments.

BUT there is the other perspective on the end of human life, and "rejuvenation" is probably the exact word to describe it, and that is the perpetual joys of eternal life. Warren from time to time lets it be known that he is a political liberal, and I from time to time let it be known that Warren lives happily even though he suffers from invincible ignorance.

But our association in this world, Warren's and mine, has made this world gladder for me, and perhaps for a few others even if the gladness of this world cannot compete with the prospects of the next world—about which Warren has not spoken. He and I suffered one evening twenty years ago from a two-hour-long reproach, administered in my own dining room by an official of exalted rank in public television, whose complaint was that *Firing Line* did not have enough "production values." I was not off to a good start when I asked what exactly a production value was. When our critic finally left, I wondered whether there would be production values in heaven, or would heaven be more like *The Art of the Fugue*? Warren was surprised to hear the question raised but concluded that if there weren't production values, heaven would never qualify for treatment on PBS, as indeed it has not.

When Warren finally got around to calling me on Sunday to say that yes, he intended to call on some illustrious and some infamous figures to volunteer a word or two on the subject of age, he told me that he would begin, in his words, by "mumbling" a few things in "my mumbling way." I agreed with him that the authenticity of his appearance demanded production values that reflected his way with life.

Well then—I commented—if you are going to call on me as if I were coming on extemporaneously, it isn't going to work.

No no, he said, he intended to advise the illustrious company that I'd be the last speaker, and was advising Leon Levy that he'd be the penultimate speaker.

Was he going to say—I asked him—that Leon Levy was responsible for this entire celebration? That he initiated the idea, and took on the financial burden? No, Warren said, he wouldn't say quite that because Leon—"my childhood friend," he explained—doesn't like to be fussed over.

Well okay, we won't fuss over Leon. We'll leave it that it is tremendous, is it not, to have as a friend someone who, so many decades after schooldays, is still such a friend, so loyal, so generous. That is a hypothetical observation about friendship, because Leon Levy does not like to be fussed over, and we owe him respect for his wishes in such circumstances as these.

Warren doesn't like to be fussed over either. I know him well enough to know that some of the things said about him here tonight, which would be treasured by any of the rest of us—except Leon Levy—if they were said about us, have caused him great pain. Warren must be glad that he is a singular human being whose impact on others is so distinctive, but he doesn't like to go any further than to blare out on the screen, "A WARREN STEIBEL PRODUCTION."

But I have heard him tell more than one person, in the past thirty years, who has asked him apprehensively before the program starts what exactly I am going to say, "I don't know what Bill is going to say." So, in recognition that this is his evening and that therefore his wishes should be pre-emptively observed, I have reduced everything I have to say about him to the four or five words inscribed on the little gift I have here to give him. On it is written,

For Warren Steibel
—Who would be younger today
If he had never met
His devoted and grateful friend

—WFB

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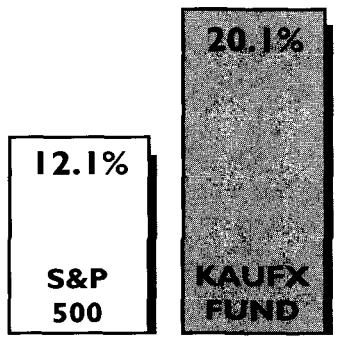

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CAPITAL SCENE

Powell Cons

RAMESH PONNURU

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

COLIN Powell's appeal to liberals is easy enough to fathom. The general favors abortion rights, gun control, and affirmative action; he criticizes welfare reform and the Christian Right. Liberal Republicans, in particular, are looking for a leader. They gave lip service to Reaganism as long as it was simply a meal ticket, but now they see the yahoos in the House freshman and sophomore classes threatening to make it national policy. Segments of the party establishment are starting to see Powell as a better bet than Bob Dole to turn the party's right flank.

The man-bites-dog story is that some conservatives have been receptive to Powell. Jack Kemp wrote a glowing review of *My American Journey* and called him "Republican on almost every issue." Bill Bennett, who is friends with Powell, has been on the tube "conspicuously failing to say anything bad" about him (in the words of Republican political analyst Jim Pinkerton). In the inaugural issue of *The Weekly Standard*, William Kristol made a splash by arguing that Powell could, and perhaps should, win the nomination. Arianna Huffington went further, endorsing him in a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed. Other conservatives—including Christian Coalition director Ralph Reed and the editors of this magazine—have been pulling their punches.

This friendly treatment upsets anti-Powell conservatives. Phyllis Schlafly blasted Bennett for suggesting that he might support Powell despite the general's stand on abortion. Gary Bauer, head of the Family Research Council, says, "I have never seen such disappointment with people who had previously been movement heroes." One activist in Washington, asked why some Beltway conservatives have promoted Powellmania, responds acidly, "I don't know of any Beltway *conservative* talking up Powell." Bob Tyrrell, editor of *The American Spectator*, is even more dismissive of the Kristol and Huffington statements: "There is a gimmick that we often see in Washington from pundits. The gimmick is to say something provocative, unusual, and wrong. . . . It's a great way to get attention."

But there are respectable arguments for Powell, and conservatives ought to consider them. Kristol advances the most powerful one: that a Powell Presidency would have "a broadly conservative cultural effect." Those who share Mrs. Huffington's view that a President's personal values matter more than his policy stances will find Powell quite attractive, certainly in contrast to the current President. And a President Powell could be a unifying force at a time when Balkanization may be the greatest threat to the nation. Powell could give America greater confidence to deal honestly with its racial problems. And, as Pinkerton notes, "there's the value of marginalizing Jesse Jackson and the traditional black establishment and having Powell replace them as the black model for the country."

Kristol also argues that Powell could help solidify the emerging Republican majority. Conservatives, he says, "should make a cold calculation about whether a Powell landslide bringing in thirty House Republicans and eight Senate Republicans, say, would do more for the Republican revolution than a narrow victory by Dole." But John Morgan, the Republican consultant who was just one seat off in predicting last year's Republican gains in the House, contends that the GOP is likely to pick up two dozen or more seats anyway. Peter Roff, political director of GOPAC, concurs: "What will help us solidify control over the House is delivering on the promises in the Contract with America—promises Colin Powell for the most part seems to reject." The last time Republicans rallied behind a popular general without a strong political philosophy, they ended up losing seats at every level of government. Convincing voters of the merits of conservative ideas is a long and difficult task, but there are no shortcuts to power.

In addition, the landslide that Powell enthusiasts envision would put him in a strong position to thwart even a determined Republican Congress. And while conservatives are winning the battle of ideas, there are still plenty of bad ideas for Powell to latch on to: a Marshall Plan for the cities, for instance, or "investing in education," or Chief Justice Cuomo.

Nothing in Powell's record suggests that he would want to join a crusade against the Washington establishment or even to form a new one. Nor are his comments to date encouraging. In February, for example, speaking about "the need to re-create the American family," he said that "it doesn't even have to be a two-gender family." Marshall Wittmann of the Heritage Foundation says, "This guy sounds like he would veto an affirmative-action bill, he sounds like he would veto a pro-life bill, a repeal of the assault-weapons ban." A Powell nomination could split the party, provoking a conservative challenger or social-conservative estrangement from the party. If social conservatives stay home, Republicans will lose the House.

A lot of the Powell talk is fueled by the sentiment that it doesn't much matter who the next President is as long as

Mr. Ponnuru is NR*'s national reporter.*

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Republicans control the Congress. People with an advanced form of the syndrome are nonchalant about four more years of Clinton. But quite apart from the levers of power uniquely available to the President, it may not be wise to bet the farm on the House. House Republicans developed ideological cohesion because of the special historical circumstance of their forty years of minority status. As the party grows, its purity is bound to be diluted. If the congressional class of '96 is unlikely to be as ideologically disciplined as its two predecessors, there is a case to be made for a President with a clear sense of a conservative mission.

Even if Powell is not that man, conservatives might still have tactical reasons to speak favorably of him. Kemp and Bennett, for instance, no doubt want to signal the GOP's openness to the general. (On the other hand, one can welcome a newcomer without handing him the keys to the kingdom.) Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole have encouraged Powell to run as a Republican rather than as an independent. "A Powell independent candidacy is very dangerous to Republicans," says Kristol. "It's arguably in conservatives' interest for him to run as a Republican even if it's not in our interest for him to win."

Opinions vary as to whether Powell can win the GOP nomination if he runs. Kristol stands by his original assessment. Pinkerton thinks Powell's chances are "pretty good," though he notes that Powell would have to increase the primary turnout significantly to win in New Hampshire. Tyrrell, on the other hand, says, "I don't think he's got a chance of getting the nomination of the party that nominated Goldwater and Reagan." Powell is much more likely to be the vice-presidential nominee. Hudson Institute scholar Michael Horowitz argues that the Right ought to be more concerned by that prospect, since it would position Powell as the heir apparent without forcing him to appease conservatives. "I think we're going to have to look at commitments on the Vice Presidency before the convention on this go-around."

It's hard to predict how a Powell candidacy would affect the other presidential campaigns. Some project a Dole–Powell race, with the general eclipsing the other challengers to the front-runner. In that case, conservatives would presumably rally behind Dole. The brave talk at the Gramm campaign is that Powell would siphon moderates and opportunists from Dole, leaving a Powell–Gramm race. Republican flirtation with Powell certainly indicates dissatisfaction with the front-runner—though it's a little peculiar for conservatives suspicious of Dole's bona fides to look to his left. Kristol argues that a Powell run would at least make conservatives take the race seriously: "If I'm right that Powell could be the nominee and Krauthammer is right that he shouldn't be the nominee, then surely conservatives should unite around a candidate now—and I assume that candidate would be Gramm. . . . They should stop toying with Buchanan and wasting time with Forbes."

If conservatives are trying to slow Dole's momentum by promoting Powell, they are making a mistake. Whatever the effects of a Powell candidacy would be, the effect of the hype without the candidacy is to crowd Dole's announced challengers out of the picture. Mrs. Huffington's op-ed managed to analyze the presidential race without bringing up the tricky words "Phil Gramm." Grover Norquist, head of Americans for Tax Reform, sums up the meaning of the Powell hype: "It says that the whole party isn't lined up behind Dole but it also makes the case that there's no alternative to Dole that has built up momentum. So it's a month-long digression that leaves you with Dole as the front-runner at the end of it." Referring to Dole's campaign manager, he jokes, "It could have been Scott Reed's idea." □

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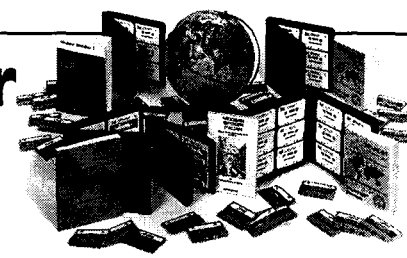

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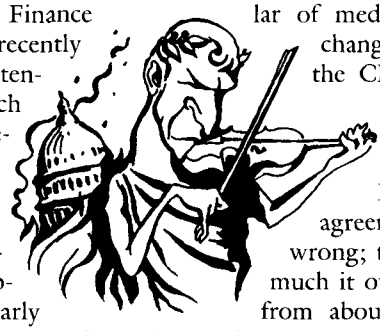
BREAD & CIRCUSES

JUST as November's deadline approaches and tough budget proposals must be enacted, look for hundreds of billions of dollars to be suddenly available to make the job easier. Call it Moynihan *ex machina*.

New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan sits on the Finance Committee, where he recently called his colleagues' attention to a means by which the deficit could be reduced by $634 billion over the next 10 years. Moynihan's Republican colleagues listened longingly (Senator Dole appeared to be particularly wistful), then swallowed hard and voted instead to reduce spending on Medicare and Medicaid by $450 billion. But they will have plenty of time to rethink their position before the bills emerge from conference, and Senator Moynihan will do his best to persuade them.



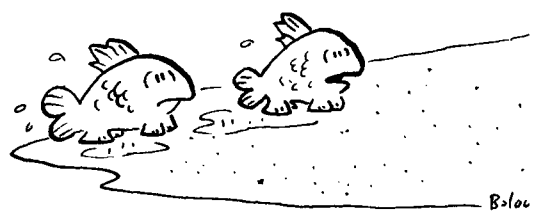
His pot of gold is the Consumer Price Index (CPI). He points out that it grossly overstates increases in the cost of living, thus skewing cost-of-living adjustments (COLAs). Specifically, benefits for Social Security recipients, federal retirees, and veterans have risen steadily because of CPI-based COLAs. Since the 1980s, the CPI has also been used as the basis for adjusting tax brackets.

There are good arguments in favor of protecting pensioners and taxpayers from the effects of inflation (heaven knows conservatives, most prominently Ronald Reagan, argued against unlegislated tax increases through "bracket creep"), but the index Congress chose for its COLAs is wildly misleading. The CPI doesn't measure the cost of living, but rather consumer prices for a fixed marketbasket of goods and services. The index doesn't account for substitution of goods by buyers when the price of certain items increases, and it makes no allowances for discount shopping. Most critically, the CPI doesn't account for the introduction of new products with much higher utility-to-cost ratios. The introduction of completely new products is now the central focus of economic growth, rather than the more efficient production of the same old goods. If a pill came on the market tomorrow that cured cancer and cost a dollar, the purchasing power of a dollar of medical care would have changed dramatically. Yet the CPI would ignore this, even as it ignored the effects of the polio vaccine.

Economists are in rare agreement that the CPI is wrong; their estimates on how much it overstates inflation vary from about 0.7 per cent to as much as 2 per cent. According to the interim report of an expert panel reviewing the CPI, the "best estimate" is that the index is too high by a full point.

What a difference a point can make! If Congress adopted a more accurate cost-of-living adjustment—i.e., one based on CPI minus a point—the Republicans could balance the budget without touching Medicare, and have enough left over for a dozen new B-2s. A downward adjustment in the CPI would mean hundreds of billions of dollars newly available in the federal budget—roughly a third from increased revenues, the rest in program savings—and would spread the effects across virtually the entire population.

Senator Moynihan provides one example: "Seniors may have already received some $300 billion in extra pension payments owing to the CPI upward bias." Seniors? Ah, there's the rub. The effect of a CPI adjustment on Social Security is what makes Republicans quake despite the clear need for a correction.



"Uh-oh! We're going to need sunscreen."

Senator Moynihan provides some political cover on the "messing with Social Security" charge: "[W]e would not be cutting anything, just getting accurate data by which to conform to the law." But so far, though sorely tempted behind closed doors, his Republican colleagues have been too afraid of giving the Democrats an issue that they can demagogue to endorse any CPI change.

Senator Moynihan himself, of course, is not offering entirely disinterested help to the new Senate majority. He has been helplessly watching as welfare and Medicaid entitlements headed toward repeal and funding for New York's teaching hospitals toward reduction. The ingenious solution of correcting the CPI might allow his favorite programs to be protected—something that would appeal to the White House as well.

HOUSE Republicans might support the adjustment, but with a different intent altogether. Freshman Mark Neumann of Wisconsin, who serves on the House Budget Committee, says: "As a former math teacher, it seems to me that if the CPI is wrong and is corrected, it is a technical correction that doesn't either raise taxes or reduce benefits." Neumann would consider supporting the adjustment, but adds, "If it's an excuse to waste more money, it's not OK." Neumann realizes that even if the White House comes out in favor of a CPI change—as Senator Moynihan is urging it to do—House Democrats can be expected to ignore President Clinton's position and rant about Republicans cutting Social Security benefits.

What House Republicans should do is use the extra moneys to fund the Contract with America's original $353-billion tax-cut package. Senate Republicans, arguing that it would be irresponsible to reduce taxes until the deficit is under control, passed only $170 billion in tax cuts, and finally compromised with the House on a $270-billion package. A CPI fix would eliminate both the deficit and the Senate's alibi on taxes.

In gratitude, meanwhile, for Senator Moynihan's ingenious solution, Republicans should perhaps find a little extra money for his New York teaching hospitals. It's the least they could do.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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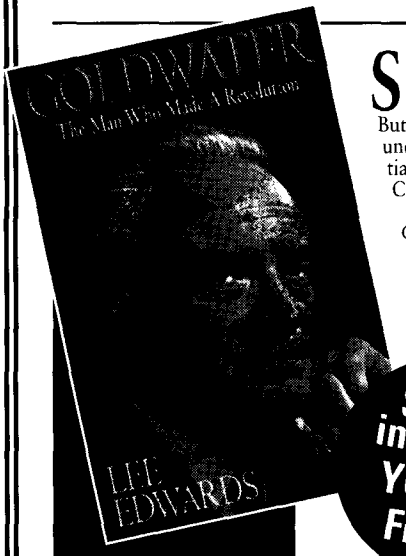

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ON THE SCENE

Acts of Betrayal

MICHAEL JOHNS

Alan J. Nahigian

MENOMONIE, WISC.

THIS charming Midwestern town could be an advertisement for contemporary Americana. Spacious farmhouses with large porches sit a comfortable fifty yards off the road. Pickup trucks are parked in long gravel driveways, and at the town's lake, the locals settle into folding chairs and sip from Budweiser cans as they cast their lines for bass and walleye.

As summer comes to an end, Menomonie looks like an updated Norman Rockwell painting. Yet this small town has become an intriguing scene in a geopolitical drama. Menomonie has become a place of refuge for some 1,500 Hmong, the highland people of Laos who bravely allied themselves with the United States war effort in Southeast Asia. Before landing in Menomonie, the 1,500 faced two formidable hurdles: escaping the brutal Communist regime of Laos, and getting permission to immigrate to the United States.

With American policy leaders increasingly concerned about the flood of immigrants, the inclination may be to close the door on further Hmong immigrants. But unlike the many cases in which the line between political and economic reasons for emigration is blurred, the Hmong are indisputably refugees from the persecutions of one of the world's last surviving Stalinist regimes. Additionally, to a degree probably unmatched among other would-be immigrant groups today, the Hmong have spilled their blood in defense of American geopolitical interests.

During the Vietnam War, the Hmong were encouraged and paid by the Central Intelligence Agency to fight the so-called secret war in Laos, designed to halt the advance of Communism in that nation and to block the North Vietnamese Army from using Laos as the site for the Ho Chi Minh Trail, along which it sent its troops to fight American troops in South Vietnam. The Hmong rescued downed American pilots, interdicted Communist convoys on the Ho Chi Minh Trail, and, even after the fall of Laos in 1975, continued to resist the newly installed Communist regime.

One late-summer day in Menomonie, several hundred Hmong have gathered at the University of Wisconsin–Stout for a conference designed to address the human-rights crisis confronting their relatives half a world away. The Hmong estimate that over the past 18 months some 5,000 of their people have been arrested or murdered by the Communist Pathet Lao regime. Many carry handwritten lists of relatives and friends, names followed by the details of their killing. "Pathet Lao soldiers went to house and shot whole family," reads a typical entry.

As the conference opens, the chairman of the Lao Human Rights Council, Dr. Pozheb Vang, stands at a podium and points to a blown-up photograph of Yong Neng Vang, a Hmong refugee repatriated to Laos and then reportedly assassinated by the Lao regime. The picture, taken in June 1994, reveals a middle-aged man whose hands and legs are tied in front of him and whose head is bleeding from an apparent bullet wound. "This is evidence of murder in Laos," Dr. Vang sternly declares, "and there are many thousands of cases like this." The crowd nods its approval, many weeping over their own family members persecuted or killed.

The event also features a speech by Major General Vang Pao of the Royal Lao Army, the war hero who for two decades led the Hmong in their fight against North Vietnamese and Pathet Lao forces. Today, looking a bit out of place in an auditorium in Middle America, the general tells his compatriots about recent communications that he has received from Hmong in Laos. "If the United States won't help us," Vang Pao quotes his Hmong sources as saying, "they should drop a bomb on us so we won't suffer any more."

THE story of the Hmong has been a story of neglect and betrayal. Though they were paid and encouraged by the United States to resist the advance of Communism in Southeast Asia, most of them were left to a precarious fate when the Laotian domino collapsed in 1975. Now the Hmong betrayal appears to be continuing, with the support of the Clinton Administration: the United Nations High Commission on Refugees (UNHCR) and the government of Thailand soon may be closing the Hmong refugee camps and sending many of the 40,000 refugees still in Thailand back to Laos, where they are certain to face ruthless persecution.

Fortunately, Congress now is resisting the move and is mobilizing to assist the Thai-based Hmong in receiving permission to immigrate to the United States. In May, the House of Representatives authorized financial support for the resettlement of Hmong and other Southeast Asian refugees in the United States (though President Clinton promises a veto). Similar legislation may soon be adopted by the Senate.

Even if the repatriation of the Hmong is halted, reports from the camps in Thailand raise questions about the involvement of the UNHCR and Thai authorities in pressuring and even

Mr. Johns, formerly a foreign-policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation, served as a speechwriter in the Bush Administration.

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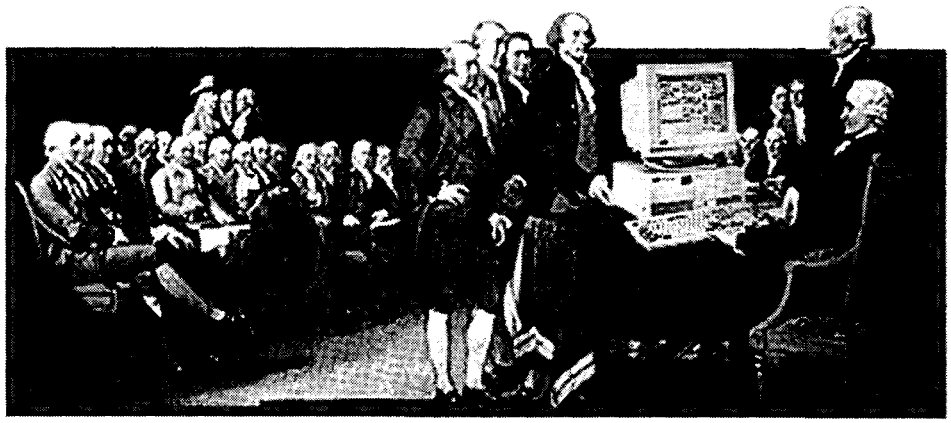

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forcing Hmong to go back to Laos against their will. Staffers affiliated with Reps. Ben Gilman (R., N.Y.) and Lee Hamilton (D., Ind.) led a fact-finding mission to the Thai refugee camps in September 1994; Tim Bartl, a staff assistant to Rep. Steve Gunderson (R., Wisc.), and Hmong human-rights advocate Philip Smith visited the camps in December. Both groups found that, in an attempt to pressure the Hmong into returning to Laos, the UNHCR keeps them in prison-like conditions, including severely restricted food and water rations and a ban on communications with the outside world.

Additionally, UNHCR and Thai camp authorities have sought to silence Hmong who speak out against these conditions. Six Hmong camp leaders presented the Gilman–Hamilton delegation with a petition signed by thousands of fellow refugees contending that they were afraid to return to Laos, and that they were being persecuted by the UNHCR and the Thais. The six were promptly imprisoned by the Thai government.

Tim Bartl and Philip Smith demanded to see the six in December, and found them held in horrific conditions. Says Smith: "It was like nothing I've ever seen. Along with the six petition leaders, there were perhaps 25 other prisoners jammed in a 10-by-15-foot cell with no beds and almost no amenities. No one could survive in these conditions for long." But the American ambassador in Bangkok has refused to protest the imprisonment. Indeed, he has stated that the six will remain in detention until they agree to return to Laos.

Why are the Hmong being thus betrayed? Though they have suffered somewhat from the mounting anti-immigration sentiments in Washington, the answer also involves money. Because the UNHCR and related non-governmental organizations receive extensive financial support to repatriate refugees, their inclination is to return them to their hostile homeland rather than move them to the United States. And because Thailand seeks expanded trade with the Laotian regime, the Thais also have proved unsympathetic to the Hmong's plight.

American leadership will be needed to save the Hmong; encouragingly, there are now indications that this leadership is emerging. Standing before the Hmong conference in Menomonie, Rep. Gunderson promises the Hmong that he will fight the State Department's appeasement of the Lao regime and continue to spread the truth about the persecution of the Hmong. Says Gunderson: "I do not enjoy standing up and saying to my government that you are not telling the truth, but if that is necessary to defend truth and justice, I will do that."

Gunderson's promise brings the Hmong to a standing ovation. Even after their betrayal by the U.S. Government, the Hmong still see their salvation inextricably linked to American goodwill. □

Slavery Ignored

MINOO SOUTHGATE

Alan J. Nahigian

NEW YORK CITY

FOR several months, New York City's black-oriented media and church and community gatherings have been fiercely divided over North African slavery.

The controversy began in February, with six articles written by Samuel Cotton in the *City Sun*. Cotton had researched the topic at the request of *Sun* publisher Andrew Cooper, who had seen Charles Jacobs and Mohamed Athie of the American Anti-Slavery Group (AASG) on PBS. Cooper and Cotton are black.

As "you read this," Cotton began, "in the Islamic Republic of Mauritania, Black Africans continue to be enslaved by their Arab Berber masters. . . . In the Islamic Republic of the Sudan . . . Black women and children (mostly Christian) are being captured in raids on their villages and sold as chattel slaves."

Soon afterward, the *Daily Challenge* championed the cause of African slaves with ongoing coverage of the grassroots reaction to the *Sun*'s revelations. One front cover, headlined "The Scars of Slavery," featured a black man removing his shirt. "Mauritanian exile," the caption read, "tortured by Arab Muslims during Mauritania's murderous 1990 anti-Black pogrom, bared his scars to a horrified audience in Brooklyn's House of the Lord Church." In June, the *Challenge* ran a seven-part series on the roots of Arab racism against blacks.

Meanwhile, at the Abolitionist Conference held at Columbia University in May, black nationalists made common cause with AASG and African exiles. Sudanese Bishop Macram Max Gassis told delegates Sudan's Islamic fundamentalist regime "encouraged slavery" and had declared holy war on non-Muslim Sudanese. He was joined by Harlem activists and by historian John Henrik Clarke. The "rapidly expanding Arab slave trade" accompanied the "spread of Islamic fundamentalism," Clarke noted in videotaped remarks. "It is odd that very few people in the Western world are saying anything about" present-day slavery.

But the Nation of Islam (NOI) is speaking out—in *defense* of Sudan and of Muslim enslavers. So is the black weekly, the *Amsterdam News*. Having rubbed elbows with Abu Nidal and Hezbollah extremists at the Islamic conference in Khartoum, Louis Farrakhan's international representative Akbar Muhammad noted that the AASG research director, Charles Jacobs, is "a Jew, maybe a Zionist"; Cotton and Cooper are therefore dupes of a Jewish plot to besmirch Islam and divide blacks.

However, chattel slavery in Sudan and Mauritania has been documented by academics and journalists, Human Rights Watch, the United Nations, the U.S. State Department, and Anti-Slavery International.

In Sudan, reports Gaspar Biro, a special investigator for the UN, the "Ab-

Miss Southgate is a freelance writer based in New York.

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duction of children [and] women . . . is routinely practiced. . . . [They] are kept in special camps where people from the north or from abroad come to purchase them for money or goods such as camels." Human-rights violations are rampant. The London *Observer* reports that some Sudanese Arabs export slaves to Libya, Chad, Mauritania, and the Gulf states. "Sudanese army officers are involved in trading young children." President Al-Bashir himself is believed to own several slaveboys, though he acknowledges only that four "students" live in his house.

The plight of these slaves has moved grass-roots blacks in New York but has yet to rouse the liberal press and the black civil-rights leaders into action. Journalists who fought apartheid are silent now that the oppressors aren't Westerners. Black American spiritual leaders are likewise passive. African exiles and refugees, Cotton notes, "are refused an audience with Black Christian ministers," some of whom "wine and dine with the Arab enslavers." The "Congressional Black Caucus, Trans-Africa, the Rainbow Coalition, the Nation of Islam, and the NAACP [have] forsaken us," complains Augustine A. Lado, president of the human-rights group Pax Sudani Network.

"For two years we tried to get Rev. Jackson on the record against slavery," says Charles Jacobs. He "returned our document packages unopened. A staff person told us that Jackson wouldn't touch the issue because it seemed anti-Arab." Jackson wouldn't even give Cotton a statement. He "is busy with affirmative action," an aide explained. "Right now, slavery is not on his agenda."

In 1993, Rep. Frank Wolf (R., Va.) sent Benjamin Chavis, then executive director of the NAACP, two letters about "kidnapping, slavery, and the export of women and children from . . . Sudan." "Please let me know if the NAACP is willing to step forward," Wolf wrote. There was no response to these nor to similar pleas Wolf made to apartheid foe Randall Robinson. Robinson promised exiled Sudanese that he would "do something about Sudan after Haiti."

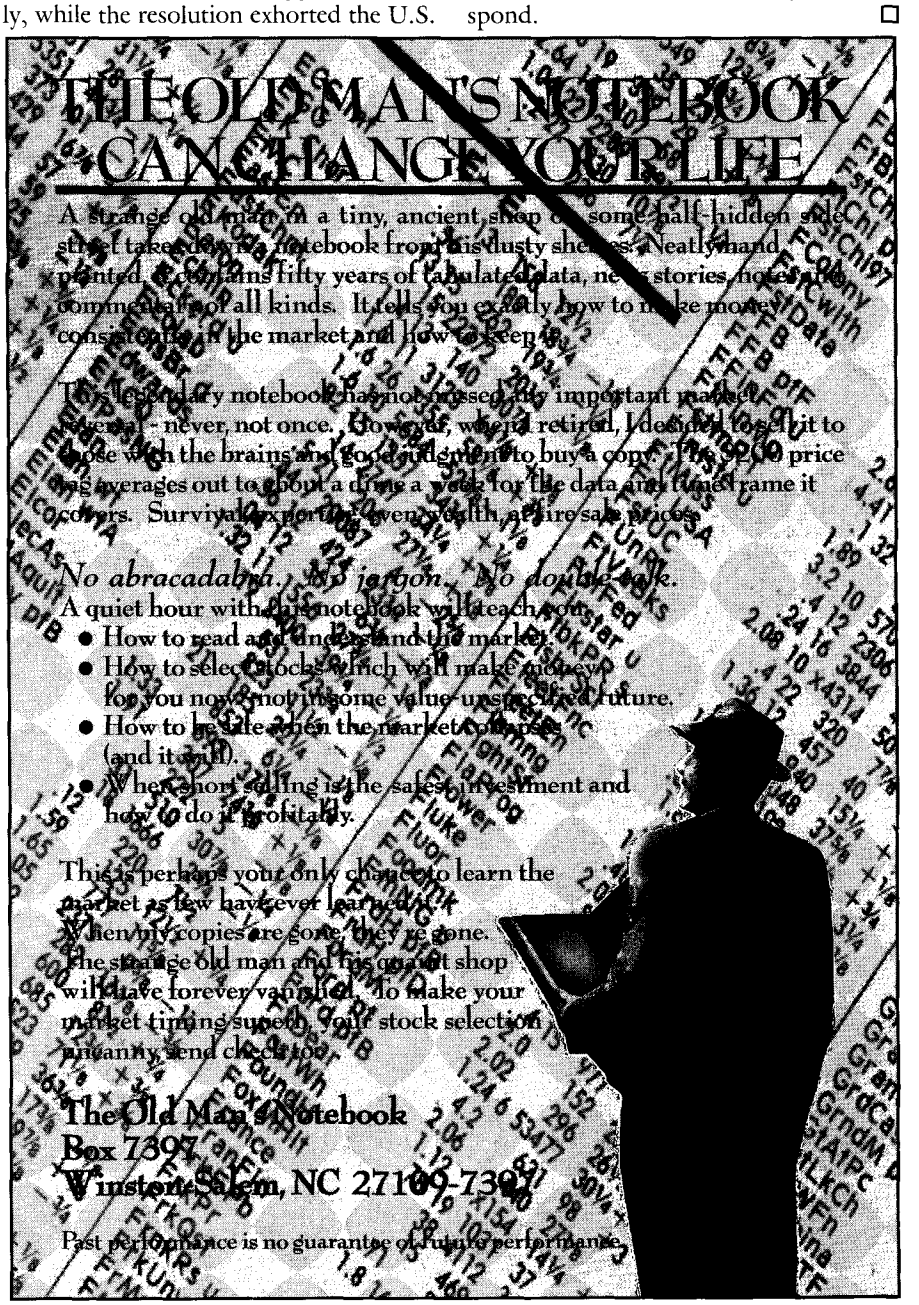
Some Congressional Black Caucus members seem keener on seeking reparations for slavery of centuries past than on ending current bondage. When representatives of 25 relief groups met in Washington last year to step up pressure on the Sudanese government, the Caucus was noticeably absent. The AASG, Jacobs says, sent every Black Caucus member documents on slavery. "They took no public action and did not return our calls."

Things may be changing, though. In January, Black Caucus Chairman Donald Payne (D., N.J.) co-sponsored a bill introduced by Rep. Dick Zimmer (R., N.J.), which cuts aid to Mauritania until it takes action "to eliminate chattel slavery." In September, the Black Caucus declared its opposition to slavery. Time will tell whether action will follow this declaration.

The NAACP, which took no action under Chavis, passed a resolution in May condemning Sudan and Mauritania and announcing that it now stood in "the front line" of the struggle. Curiously, while the resolution exhorted the U.S. and the UN to act, it did not reveal what the NAACP itself planned to do. No action has followed since May. The NAACP's acting executive director, Earl Shinhoster, did not return phone calls.

What accounts for such inertia in those who tirelessly battled apartheid? Black leaders "have ties and friendships" in "Islamic fundamentalist countries," explains Cotton, "and sources report that Arab money funds a number of pet projects of some Black politicians and religious leaders." Black leaders also fear alienating Louis Farrakhan.

"My people are killed every day . . . enslaved . . . displaced," pleaded Sudanese exile Sheik Anwar McKeen, on New York's black radio. Most liberal journalists and black leaders have yet to respond. □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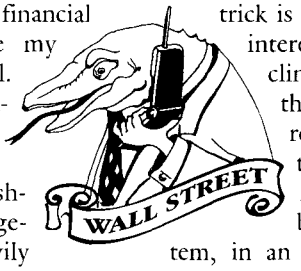
GEKKO

"LET's see now . . . the Japanese got in trouble by overspeculating in financial markets, so now they are going to bail themselves out by overspeculating in financial markets?" Bond people like my Chicago friend are so cynical. But it does look as if the Japanese establishment is going to double up and roll again.



This has led to a new, fashionable trade among the hedge-fund people. They're heavily shorting the Japanese government bond market, the so-called JGB. It's official, after all, that Japan is reflating, what with an $80-billion package of announced new spending.

"The Bank of Japan has been doing everything it can to window-dress the financial world's accounts for the half-year reports," says one of the JGB bears. "They've been buying bonds, buying CDs, trying to flood the system with liquidity." In effect, the Japanese government has been trying to replicate the American S&L bailout.

A few questions remain. One is: What if it doesn't work? Previous bailout plans haven't worked, which leaves speculators with mixed feelings. On the one hand, their convictions about the weakness of human nature would be confirmed. And they could make a lot of money from arbitraging turbulent markets. But on the other, it could make the last slip in the San Andreas Fault look like an amusement-park ride.

Here's part of the problem with trying an S&L-type bailout: The carried interest in JGBs isn't big enough to do the job. That is, the difference between the short-term rates at which the banks borrow (around 37 basis points) and the rate earned on the JGB (around 2.6 per cent), while steep in percentage terms, does not generate enough profit to offset even a fraction of the enormous losses on bad loans.

To make this kind of bailout work, those who buy bonds with borrowed money must make a big capital gain on the bonds. That was how the U.S. banks made the profits they needed to repair their balance sheets between 1990 and 1993. If the same trick is to be pulled off in Japan, interest rates will have to decline at the same time that the government is trying to reflate the economy. And the problem loans are almost twice as big as the bad loans in the S&L system, in an economy about half the size.

The great trick that Greenspan and his acolytes in the Fed pulled off was to levy what amounted to an indirect tax on the rest of the economy to repair the banking system. But the Japanese may not have the leeway to do that. The Japanese state has the economic and financial power to bail out its dependent banks, but it will have to be done on a huge scale, directly and visibly.

For the moment, a lot of the speculators—sorry, investors—who have bet against the JGB are under water. But I think their positions will pay off, because in the end the bad Japanese loans will effectively have to be sold to the Bank of Japan, monetized, and inflated away. The carry-trade fix, which worked here, won't work there.

■ At the beginning of August, I suggested that the old, defaulted Soviet bank debt, issued by the Vneshekonombank, might not be a bad speculation, since the Russians finally seemed serious about working out a settlement with the Western banks. At the time, what they call the "dollar Vnesh" was trading at 28 cents on the dollar.

Now that the dollar Vnesh is selling for about 33 cents, it's time to take your profit. Yes, it's still true that the Russians are likely to strike a deal with the Western banks in less than a year, and that the effective value is likely to reach the low to mid 40s. But in the meantime, the Russian political situation is getting pretty ugly, and it is very unlikely that a deal will be signed before the parliamentary elections in December.

Those elections will not resemble, say, those for the school board in Edina, Minnesota. The scale of vote fraud by the establishment, which backs Prime Minister Chernomyrdin's Our Home Is Russia party, bids fair to be of truly heroic proportions. But it might not work: for all the conflict among the other Russian parties—monarchists, Communists, free-market liberals—they agree on one point. They hate Our Home Is Russia, which represents the sort of people who are renegotiating the Vnesh paper.

Whatever precise parliamentary mix results, it will take at least a little while for the Russian financial establishment to determine the price of each new member. In the meantime, there'll be a lot of anti-Western-bank and anti-IMF rhetoric, and the price of the dollar Vnesh is likely to wilt a bit. So sell now and pick it back up after the elections, because eventually whoever is in power will have to make a deal with the Deutsche Bank and the rest of the team that speaks for the banks.

■ I hate to indulge in self-congratulation, but so far that July call I made for more expensive wheat and cheaper copper seems to be working out. At the beginning of July, December wheat was going for $4.43 a bushel and copper was around $1.37 a pound. Wheat's now north of $4.90 a bushel, and copper is around $1.32. I think both trends will continue. There's just not enough grain in the world to satisfy demand at this price, and there are too many new copper sources pouring into slowing industrial economies.

—JOHN DIZARD

"Young Thomas here was just telling me he wrote his thesis on Alan Greenspan. Isn't that cute?"

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Aborting History

Abortion activism has corrupted constitutional interpretation. Can it corrupt the profession of history as well? A case study of the academic betrayal of truth.

RAMESH PONNURU

CASES before the Supreme Court concerning abortion have been known to generate controversy. So when the Justices agreed to hear *Webster* v. *Reproductive Health Services* (1989), they had to expect a flood of *amicus curiae* briefs from the National Organization for Women, Catholics United for Life, and the like. One brief, however, came from a less predictable quarter and attracted wide attention. It was submitted by three lawyers on behalf of 281 professional historians (later signatures brought the total to over 400). The brief's authors understood its novelty and significance: "Never before," the brief began, "have so many professional historians sought to address this Honorable Court in this way."

The historians claimed that Americans had recognized the right to choose abortion at the time of the Republic's founding. Further, they argued, nineteenth-century legislators restricted that right for four reasons that either no longer apply or are no longer constitutionally permissible: to protect women from unsafe abortions, to help physicians to constitute themselves as a profession, to enforce gender roles, and to prevent Catholic immigrants from increasing their proportion of the population. A concern for the alleged life of the fetus "became a central issue in American culture only in the late twentieth century." Since restrictions on abortion impose severe costs on women and since the historic rationales for those restrictions are discredited or obsolete, the historians concluded, the Court should reaffirm the constitutional right to abortion whose existence it had announced in *Roe* v. *Wade* (1973).

This historical account has important legal implications. Justice Blackmun's majority opinion in *Roe* drew support from the assertions that it was "doubtful" that the common law had ever prohibited abortion and that nineteenth-century statutes did not reflect a belief in the personhood of fetuses. The brief's account also obviously has implications outside the courthouse. If it were accurate, anti-abortion laws could be seen as an aberration from an American tradition, *Roe* as the restoration of that tradition. And the anti-abortion movement would be tainted by a history of racism and sexism.

But the brief's key claims are false. The law always restricted abortion, and the campaign against abortion did seek to protect what it viewed as fetal life. Moreover, the published work of signatories to the brief disproves its historical arguments. The very sources on which the brief relies contradict its thesis. And its shoddiness is too pervasive and tendentious for mere incompetence to suffice to explain it.

The brief's history of abortion begins with the following paragraph:

> As the Court demonstrated in *Roe* v. *Wade*, abortion was not illegal at common law. Through the nineteenth century American common-law decisions uniformly reaffirmed that women committed no offense in seeking abortions. Both common law and popular culture drew distinctions depending upon whether the fetus was "quick," i.e. whether the *woman* perceived signs of independent life. There was some dispute whether a common-law misdemeanor occurred when a third party destroyed a fetus, after quickening, without the woman's consent. But early recognition of this particular crime against pregnant women did not diminish the liberty of the woman herself to end a pregnancy in its early stages. [Emphasis in original.]

Almost every statement in this paragraph is false or misleading.

The historians' first source for their contention that "abortion was not illegal at common law," Justice

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Blackmun's opinion in *Roe*, based its more tentative version of this claim on a 1971 article by Cyril C. Means Jr. Means acknowledged that many authorities on the common law held abortion to be illegal. He argued, however, that two fourteenth-century cases held abortion at any stage of pregnancy to be neither a felony nor even a serious misdemeanor; that Bracton and *Fleta* had misunderstood the common law; that Coke had deliberately misrepresented the common law; and that Coke's "masterpiece of perversion" misled later writers.

Research since 1971 has thoroughly discredited Means's article. Full records of the cases at issue show that only procedural and evidentiary problems prevented the imposition of penalties, thus vindicating Bracton, *Fleta*, and Coke from the charges of scholarly error and misconduct. Indictments or appeals of felony for abortions dating as far back as 1200 demonstrate that neither a woman's consent nor absence of quickening rendered abortion legal. Nor were women who sought abortion immune from prosecution, in England or the Colonies.

The brief's second citation on abortion's status as a "common-law liberty" is of pages 3–19 of James C. Mohr's *Abortion in America*. The brief elsewhere praises this book ("widely regarded as accurate and comprehensive") and highlights Mohr's signing of the brief. Most of the cited pages do not examine the issue at hand, but on page 3 Mohr writes, "After quickening, the expulsion and destruction of a fetus without due cause was considered a crime." The historians next cite Means, repeating his slander against the common-law writers.

Last, they cite pages 119–121 of Angus McLaren's *Reproductive Rituals* to claim, "Even in cases involving brutal beatings of women in the late stages of pregnancy, common-law courts refused to recognize abortion as a crime, independent of assault upon the woman, or in one case 'witchcraft.'" Neither the cited pages nor any other pages of McLaren's book contain anything to support this proposition. On page 121, McLaren notes that "it is necessary to turn to the writings of the common-law advocates" to understand the legal status of abortion between 1650 and 1800; after examining a few of these writings, he summarizes, "Seventeenth-century jurists thus recognized that a woman could be charged with procuring her own abortion, but only after the fœtus had quickened."

The historians next assert that abortion "was not uncommon in colonial America." They cite McLaren as the sole support for this astonishing statement. But his book deals with England, not America. The cited chapter contains just one quote on the prevalence of abortion—by an Englishman, in 1824, referring to the impressions that led Parliament to pass an anti-abortion law in 1803.

The extremely high birthrates of the time and the danger and ineffectiveness of contemporary methods of abortion suggest that it was uncommon. So does the high proportion of brides who were pregnant on their wedding day, a datum the brief oddly adduces in support of its contention. In *Intimate Matters*, John D'Emilio and brief signatory Estelle B. Freedman list *coitus interruptus*, prolonged nursing, and abstinence as methods used to limit family size in colonial America, adding that "other means to impede conception or terminate pregnancy were rarely employed."

THE BRIEF then turns to the claim that the abortion laws between 1820 and 1860 were aimed at maternal safety. According to the brief, New York lawmakers sought to protect women from dangerous medical treatment when they passed abortion regulations in 1828—a claim first made in another influential article by Means. His argument hinged on a proposed, but never passed, section of the bill that would have outlawed any surgery not necessary for the preservation of a patient's life. The sections regulating abortion contained similarly worded exceptions allowing abortions to save a pregnant woman's life; hence, he reasoned, they too were intended to prevent unnecessary operations from endangering lives.

Mohr's book explicitly refutes these arguments. If lawmakers had wished to regulate abortion merely as a dangerous form of surgery, they would neither have treated it separately nor have passed abortion regulations while defeating the proposed regulations on all surgery. The brief also reports that the "act finally adopted applied only to surgical abortion"; but a glance at the text of the law, correctly quoted by Mohr, reveals that it applied to abortions by "any medicine, drug, substance or thing whatever, . . . any instrument or other means whatever."

The historians next examine the alleged motives for the laws enacted from the mid nineteenth century onward, starting with the desire of the "regular" physicians associated with the new American Medical Association to raise their status and incomes through regulation. The brief, in a passage relying on Mohr, describes the physicians' movement against abortion as "one chapter in a campaign by doctors that reflected a professional conflict between 'regulars' (those who ultimately became the practitioners and proponents of scientific medicine) and 'irregulars,' who were often willing to perform abortions." Mohr lists three professional motives for the regulars' support for anti-abortion laws: such laws enlisted the power of the state to penalize, and to remove a competitive advantage of, the irregulars; they enforced standards on wayward regulars, thus "promoting a sense of professionalism"; and they let doctors "recapture what they considered to be their ancient and rightful place among society's policymakers and savants."

Neither the brief nor Mohr's book presents any evidence that the legislators who enacted anti-abortion laws understood themselves to be acting primarily in these interests or that the voting public that consented to those laws understood them in that light. Whatever the physicians' motives, they succeeded by persuading others of the justice of their cause. Many AMA members in the 1860s and 1870s also supported the legalization and regulation of prostitution as a public-health measure, but failed to convince their contemporaries.

More importantly, Mohr's book makes clear that physicians opposed abortion in large part because of a concern for what they viewed as fetal life. He writes, "The regulars' opposition to abortion was partly ideological, partly

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scientific, partly moral, and partly practical." A few pages later, he expands on their moral views: "The nation's regular doctors . . . defended the value of human life per se as an absolute." Opposition to abortion as a species of killing forms the basis of each of the other three components. The doctors' "ideological" opposition to abortion consisted of their belief in the Hippocratic Oath, which states: "I will neither give a deadly drug to anybody if asked for it, nor will I make a suggestion to this effect. Similarly I will not give to a woman an abortive remedy." The "scientific" component of the physicians' stance was their realization "that conception inaugurated a more or less continuous process of development. . . . From this scientific reasoning stemmed the regulars' moral opposition to abortion at any stage of gestation."

By the "practical" reasons, Mohr means the professional motives already mentioned: eliminating competition, enforcing standards, and gaining the status of policymakers. The last two goals imply a prior determination on other grounds of a standard to enforce and a policy to make. Nor can the goal of eliminating competition be understood without reference to the physicians' abhorrence of abortion; otherwise, they could have performed abortions themselves.

While the brief does not treat the protection of alleged fetal life as a goal of the physicians, it refers on three occasions to the possibility that this goal motivated some physicians—each time with comical shiftiness, as in the following passage:

> A core purpose of the nineteenth-century laws, and of the doctors in supporting them, was to "control medical practice in the interest of public safety." This is not to deny that some doctors had moral objections to abortion, as well as moral and social views about women and race. But the most significant explanation for the drive by medical doctors for statutes regulating abortion is the fact that these doctors were undergoing . . . professionalization.

More than just "some doctors" had to share those "moral objections," since they formed the basis of the regulars' refusal to compete for the abortion trade.

"We never listen to the same talk shows any more."

And in fact, the campaign against abortion did not play a substantial role in professionalizing American medicine. Book-length discussions of medical professionalization written by signatories to the brief do not even mention the campaign, let alone make it a key factor in their narratives. Signatory Paul Starr's well-regarded *The Social Transformation of American Medicine*, for instance, mentions the campaign once, in a footnote on the involvement of physicians in projects of moral reform. *For Her Own Good*, by signatory Barbara Ehrenreich and Deirdre English, discusses professionalization as it relates to female patients without once mentioning the campaign. Signatory Judith Walzer Leavitt's *Brought to Bed* focuses on how childbirth moved from the home to the hospital; although the brief cites the book to show the centrality of "the medical profession's gradual consolidation of authority" to the shift, the book nowhere discusses the physicians' campaign against abortion as a part of that shift. The brief cites all three books in its section on professionalization without mentioning these points.

THE BRIEF weaves an even more tangled web in implying that nineteenth-century feminists supported abortion rights:

> The women's movement of the nineteenth century affirmed that women should always have the right to decide whether to bear a child and sought to enhance women's control of reproduction through "voluntary motherhood," ideally to be achieved through periodic abstinence. Anxieties about changing family functions and gender roles were critical factors motivating the all-male legislatures that adopted restrictions on abortion.

The brief cites Linda Gordon's *Woman's Body, Woman's Right* to bolster its assertion that feminists favored "voluntary motherhood." But Prof. Gordon also writes, "[I]t is important to stress the fact that neither free lovers nor suffragists"—the advocates of voluntary motherhood—"approved of contraceptive devices," let alone abortion. Most feminists, she recognizes, opposed abortion. She signed the brief anyway. (So did Carl N. Degler, whose book *At Odds* notes that "during the Nineteenth century feminists and free lovers alike condemned abortion because it destroyed a human being.")

This section of the brief was altered when it was resubmitted to the Supreme Court in *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* (1992). The *Casey* brief acknowledges that "some feminists" (a curious phrase to apply to a group including Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Victoria Woodhull) opposed abortion, but asserts that they did so "not on moral grounds, but as an object example of women's victimization at the hands of men."

While it is true that feminists viewed abortion as a result of "women's victimization," compassion for women who considered abortion did not preclude

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moral opposition to it. *The Revolution*, the feminist journal, argued that

> the woman is awfully guilty who commits the deed. It will burden her conscience in life; it will burden her soul in death; but oh! thrice guilty is he who, for selfish gratification, heedless of her prayers, indifferent to her fate, drove her to the desperation which impelled her to the crime.

An editorial in *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly* dubbed abortion "the Slaughter of the Innocents." It observed that abortion was often a reaction to "the slavery that child-bearing almost necessarily entails in our society as at present organized," but also declared that abortion "stamps the brand of Cain upon every woman who attempts or is accessory to it." Those who performed abortions did not get off lightly, either: "Let those who see any difference regarding the time when life, once begun, is taken, console themselves that they are not murderers having been abortionists."

The historians' brief is an utter fraud, riddled with scholarly abuses and inaccurate conclusions.

PHYSICIANS and feminists were not alone in attacking abortion as "infanticide" and "murder." A *New York Times* article on abortion declared, "Thousands of human beings are thus murdered before they have seen the light of this world." It described the abortionist's trade as "a systematic business in wholesale murder." The imagery some writers used far exceeded in gruesomeness anything in today's anti-abortion polemics. An 1880 *National Police Gazette* article began, "The civilization of today is opposed to babies, and its basest product is the abortionist. . . . He lives upon the crushed and mangled bodies of tender, breathless infants." The authors of *Light on Dark Corners*, a book of advice on the sexual instruction of youth, alluded to "the hecatombs of infants that are annually sacrificed to Moloch" as a result of "this monstrous crime."

Anti-abortionists made arguments based both on "the right to life" and on the slippery slope to "post-natal child-murder." And contrary to the brief's assertions, both judicial opinions and statutes in the nineteenth century recognized fetal personhood. That recognition was implicit in legislators' decisions, e.g., to increase the punishment for attempted abortion when it could be proven that the attempt had killed a fetus or to group abortion with offenses against children in the criminal code.

The historians' brief is, in short, an utter fraud, riddled with scholarly abuses and inaccurate conclusions. The historians mischaracterize sources. They misreport facts. They support claims with citations that have no relevance to those claims. They rip quotations out of context. They rely on discredited sources—even on sources that signatories to the brief have themselves discredited. They contradict sources on which they rely heavily and which signatories wrote, without a word of explanation or any retraction by those authors elsewhere. Sylvia A. Law, one of the lawyers who submitted the brief, later declared in a forum that "there is tension between truth-telling and advocacy." An examination of the brief suggests how its drafters resolved that tension.

By signing the brief, historians specializing in subjects covered by it (e.g., Degler, Freedman, and Gordon) endorsed beliefs they do not hold. Mohr's case is particularly egregious, though he at least declined to sign the *Casey* version of the brief. Other historians were simply ignorant. Signatories included authorities on the history of architecture, early modern France, and North China. Luminaries like Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, for instance, both signed the *Casey* brief but are hardly experts in the field. Yet signatories asked the Supreme Court to pay attention to their claims about the history of abortion law because of their professional credentials.

And the brief has had great influence. Press coverage in 1989 tended to assume the accuracy of its claims. Legal scholar Walter Dellinger, now an assistant attorney general in the Clinton Administration, devoted most of an article in *The New Republic* to an uncritical summary of it. Even George Will, an opponent of the doctrine of *Roe*, wrote a column that largely accepted the brief's factual account (while questioning its legal conclusions). In *The New York Review of Books*, legal philosopher Ronald Dworkin wrote, "The best historical evidence shows" that "anti-abortion laws, which were not prevalent in the United States before the middle of the nineteenth century, were adopted to protect the health of the mother and the privileges of the medical profession, not out of any recognition of a fetus's rights." A footnote revealed that by "best historical evidence" Dworkin meant the historians' brief. He used its argument to support his contention that fetuses have never had the status of "constitutional persons." Dworkin repeated this argument, again citing the brief, in his 1993 book *Life's Dominion*.

Laurence Tribe, the prominent constitutional theorist, consulted the brief extensively for his book *Abortion: The Clash of Absolutes*. At the opening of a chapter on "Two Centuries of Abortion in America," he drew on the brief to make a philosophical point about the historicity of moral conflicts:

> Current debate in America concerning abortion appears to pose an insoluble conflict between two fundamental values: the right of a fetus to live and the right of a woman to determine her own fate. . . . [But] these competing values are in significant part peculiar to late-twentieth-century America. Far from being inevitable outgrowths of the natural order of things, these competing values are socially constructed.

In the first footnote to this chapter, Tribe described the brief as "the point of departure for much of this chapter."

When the brief was first publicized in 1989, an article in *The Nation*, the left-wing weekly, exulted, "The signatures on this *amicus* brief, many those of eminent mainstream scholars, signal a coming of age for the historians who have entered the field since the 1960s." They certainly do. □

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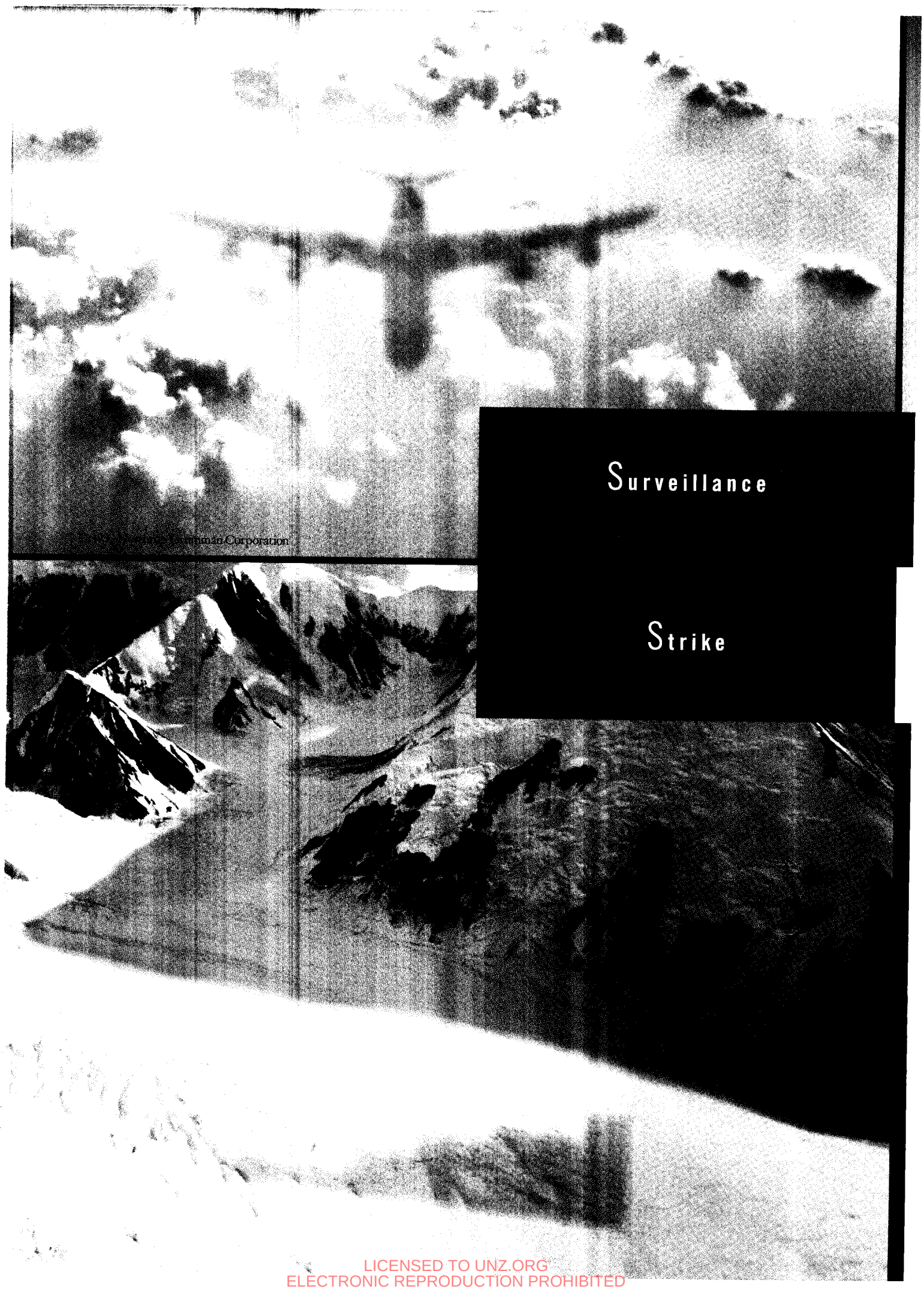

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STRONG TO THE FINISH

Gramm Gets Going

Phil Gramm is a lone wolf with a history of beating the odds. Can he do it again?

RICH LOWRY

IN 1968 Phil Gramm was in danger of losing his job. He had been hired the year before to teach in the Texas A&M economics department. But now the university had hired away some prestigious professors from elsewhere to build a top-flight department. Gramm, with a PhD from a weak program at the University of Georgia, was suddenly not a good fit. "I felt that he would be gone in a year or two," recounts Thomas Saving, part of the professional infusion. Gramm set about auditing courses from the new professors to make up his knowledge gap, an effort that seemed doomed. "He was a very poor reader at that time," Saving recalls. "Today they would have diagnosed him to be something."

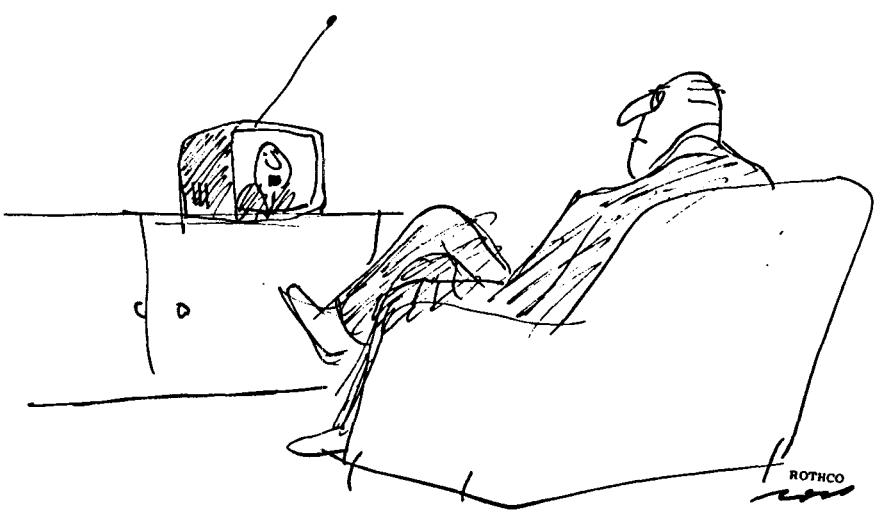
By 1970 Gramm had his tenure. "When he discovers that the climb is going to be a lot harder . . . than before, instead of giving up he just works harder and faster," says Saving, who soon became a friend of Gramm's. The Gramm mini-drama earlier this year certainly fits that model: he descended into near-oblivion inside the Beltway only to rise again after his hard-won coup in August's Iowa straw poll. Thorough organization. Relentless fundraising. Never off message. Phil Gramm is the GOP's straight-up-the-gut running back, the candidate who can point to articles he wrote as a professor twenty years ago that read like one of his speeches today (minus the mama references). Gramm, a take-it-or-leave-it proposition, has made it clear he won't be left easily.

William Philip Gramm was born at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1942. Two years after Phil's birth, his father had a debilitating heart attack and stroke, leaving the burden of supporting the family's three boys to Phil's mother. She worked double shifts as a practical nurse. "It would have been easy for her to be bitter," says Gramm. "But my mother had a wonderful view of the world which was a little simplistic, but a very good approximation of reality. And that is she had the original labor theory of success. Her idea was the harder you work the more successful you are and nothing else is really important."

Phil spent his youth bucking the theory. He famously flunked third, seventh, and ninth grades. What was going on? "My dad as an invalid read to me," says Gramm. "I'm talking about long hours. Everything from Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* to *The Once and Future King* to parts of Wells's *Outline of History*, a lot about the Civil War. And so part of it was sort of revolting against my father. Part of it was I wasn't interested in school. . . . I didn't have much supervision since my mother worked all the time, so I'd skip school a lot. But I always knew I was going to have to do it."

His mother wouldn't have it otherwise. She packed her son off to the Georgia Military Academy, where he blossomed into an outstanding student. He struck his friends as a straight arrow with a good sense of humor, if lacking tact. He was no teenage politico. "If anything turned me off about Phil," remembers classmate Tim O'Brien, a reporter for ABC News, "it is that he had a tendency to speak his mind bluntly." The unlikely future congressman finished his undergraduate degree in three years at the University of Georgia and took just another three to polish off his PhD.

WHEN Gramm caught the political bug at A&M, he began speaking to any group that would listen, on the theme "Government Is the Enemy." Fred Meyer, a Gramm supporter, recalls a debate between Gramm, then a Democrat, and his congressman, a Republican, on public housing. "It was the only time I ever saw my congressman get whipped in a debate," Meyer says. "I thought . . . what's [Gramm] doing as a Democrat?



"How would you like to be part of the big picture?"

Mr. Lowry is NR's national political reporter.

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He's way more conservative than my Republican." The issue then roiling free-marketeers was energy regulation, and Gramm gained national attention with a 1973 *Wall Street Journal* op-ed recounting how entrepreneurial innovation had been the solution to the looming whale-oil shortage in the nineteenth century.

When he outgrew the lecture circuit, Gramm settled on the quixotic project of unseating incumbent Senator Lloyd Bentsen in the 1976 Democratic primary. Bentsen was already a national figure. Gramm took a year and half off work and spent every penny he had to win just 28 per cent of the vote. "I learned how the process worked," says Gramm. "I also learned the power of ideas; nobody laughed." The night of the primary, Gramm apologized to Wendy, his wife, for the debacle. She said, no, it had been a wonderful opportunity, and on the spot Gramm decided to run again. Two years later, he was a congressman, determined, he says, not "to throw the contest" with the congressional leadership in Washington like other conservative Democrats.

GRAMM quickly made good on his resolve. The Reagan budget in 1981 could pass the House only with support from the forty-some conservative "Boll Weevil" Democrats. Gramm had secured a Budget Committee seat with the help of Majority Leader Jim Wright. And he already had a working relationship with Reagan OMB director and former congressman David Stockman (in the 95th Congress they had both fought Henry Waxman on the health subcommittee of Commerce). So Gramm was in a perfect position to be a spy (in the Democrats' version) or coalition-builder (in the Republicans'). He joined with Republican Delbert Latta to craft a budget resolution enshrining Reagan's priorities; it passed the House when enough conservative Democrats bolted their leadership. Gramm, leaving the heavy lifting on tax cuts to others, then helped produce the package of spending cuts.

For the first time in decades government was shrinking (if only a bit), and the former professor had shoved his way into a central role in making it happen. In *The Triumph of Politics* Stockman recounts a crucial meeting of wavering conservative Democrats in 1981. Gramm proclaimed that it was "time to draw the line in the sand" and that he would offer his alternative budget "even if I'm the only person in the House to vote for it." He invoked the Alamo, noting that if the American commander there hadn't drawn a line in the sand "there never would have been a battle." Commotion ensued. One Democrat reminded Gramm that everyone who crossed the line at the Alamo died. Gramm countered: "Yes, but the ones who didn't cross the line died, too. Only no one remembers their names." Another Texas member jumped up and said Gramm wouldn't vote for his budget alone because "by God, I'm going to vote for it, too!"

When, after the 1982 election, the Democrats booted Gramm from the Budget Committee, it seemed he had indeed paid a near-fatal price for crossing the line. But Gramm turned his dead-end into opportunity by resigning his seat and winning as a Republican in a snap special election. Two years later he ran for the Senate and drubbed Lloyd Doggett 59 to 41. The 42-year-old Gramm then set about putting his imprint on the federal budget for the rest of the decade. "I know you're an activist, but try to lay low for about a year," Gramm advisor Charlie Black remembers telling the new senator. About five months later Gramm showed Black the outline of deficit-reduction legislation on a legal pad. "I said, 'Really, you need some allies. . . .' He said, 'What do you think about Warren Rudman?' I said, 'Well, Rudman has got a good reputation as a fiscal conservative . . .' And he said, 'Yeah. He's from New Hampshire too!' "

"Gramm-Rudman was in many ways a distillation of Phil's approach to reform," says Gramm biographer Richard Nadler. "A balanced-budget rule forces special interests to compete against one another, rather than together against the taxpaying public." The legislation would force the hard choices that the structure of the deficit (biased toward profligacy because it makes spending painless) and the structure of Congress (biased in the same way because specific spending interests are very powerful) tended to prevent. Gramm–Rudman did exert downward pressure on spending, even as Congress wiggled its way out of its controls. "[It] was like putting a lock on your door in a crime-ridden neighborhood," says Dan Mitchell of the Heritage Foundation. "Yes, the burglars occasionally snuck through the windows. . . . But it did stop some spending." From 1986 to 1989 federal spending shrank from 24 to 22 per cent of GDP. But this most Gramm-like legislation would ironically lead to the most uncharacteristic moment in the Texas senator's career.

"He wants to speak to his stress counselor."

By 1990, sticking to Gramm–Rudman would have meant a dread "sequester," an across-the-board spending cut, to deal with a $200-billion budget deficit. The Bush Administration opted instead for negotiations to dismantle Gramm–Rudman, with Gramm attending the budget "summit" that undid his work. "They came out," he explains, "with sort of a halfway proposal [the first package] which they then modified to raise income taxes and to reduce entitlement savings [the second package], and at that point I walked." But was Gramm a loyal soldier before the first package—almost as bad as the second—lost in the House? "We never got into combat, so we don't know," he says. Charlie Black spins it differently: "The only deal Gramm ever signed onto was the first deal, which Newt pulled the plug on. Because the only thing in it was a gas-tax increase. And there were tons of spending cuts. And Gramm didn't like the gas-tax increase, but for deficit reduction he was willing to go along."

It's understandable that the Gramm camp doesn't have its story straight on the budget deal. Conservatives wanted Gramm at Andrews. "He was our spear carrier," says former Senator Malcolm Wallop. When Gramm came out supporting the first deal, he faced fierce denunciations from conservative colleagues.

There are a couple of theories about Gramm's apostasy. One holds that the

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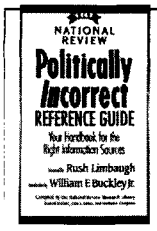

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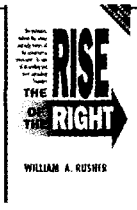

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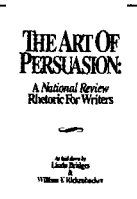

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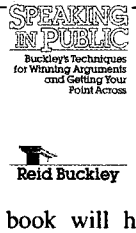

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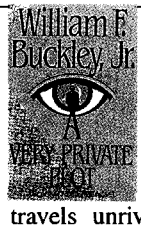

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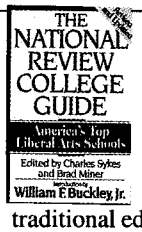
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prospect of a bloody budget crash with his name on it spooked him. Another has Gramm, his eye already on the White House, eager to curry favor with fellow Texan George Bush. Indeed, the Bush Presidency as a whole tended to be a fallow period for Gramm.

It was Clinton who brought back the fearless, the activist Gramm, most notably on health care. His part in the health debate was pure Gramm, playing the "outside" game (he organized forums in the states), emphasizing first principles (the Clinton plan was simply "socialized" medicine). While Gramm deserves substantial credit for helping turn a debate other Republicans were willing to cede, winning the health-care fight also depended on the inside-the-Senate work for which Gramm isn't always suited. One GOP staffer remembers a typical bit of "Grammstanding" late in the debate. "Everything was very, very well coordinated to make sure that we were getting our message out without any interference," recalls the staffer. "One of the things we clearly did not want to say was the 'F-word,' as in 'filibuster.' Sure enough, Gramm goes out, calls a press conference on his own without notifying anybody, *anybody* . . . on how he is going to filibuster the Clinton bill."

IT'S this lone-wolf side of Gramm that accounts for some conservative hesitation about him. Visiting Gramm in his Senate office is like walking onto the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*—with no one there but the Captain. The senator sits behind his desk in a roomy office that could have been decorated by one of those guys at the Alamo (a musket, little cowboy statues). His voice booms and fills the emptiness, as if to emphasize that anything or anyone else here would just be getting in the way. The only question he sounds less than authoritative on is: Who are your close advisors? After confidently naming his wife, he falters: "It depends on the issue. Um. John McCain and I are very close and we talk about foreign-policy, defense-policy issues. Um . . . uh . . . I talk to a series of people about . . . uh . . . tax and economic issues."

The real answer, of course, is Phil Gramm. In the chummy world of the Senate, Gramm works alone. "He is a prickly soul," says Wallop. "He's sometimes hard to deal with when you're trying to help." During health-care strategy meetings among those who opposed compromise, the Texas senator's volubility turned off even ideological allies. Says a Senate staffer: "He's smart as a whip and he knows it. . . . The downside to that arrogance is that it's bloody difficult to get people to work with him. He doesn't share credit kindly or well." Comments Sen. Trent Lott (Miss.): "He's smarter than most senators, which unnerves a lot of senators. A lot of senators are, I think, jealous of him."

Gramm, despite his stooped shoulders and craning neck, does exude an aura of fierceness. Paul Curcio, political director of the National Republican Senatorial Committee when Gramm headed it, remembers the warnings he got from friends: "I can't tell you how many people called and said, 'Boy, are you in for it.' One guy even called and said, 'Do you wear a blast suit?' The perception is he comes into a room yelling and you'd better keep your mouth shut. He is very smart. He is all business. But he wants you to argue. If you make your case well, he is going to listen to you."

Curcio says once he got to know Gramm he could even poke good-natured fun at him, and the longevity of most of Gramm's staff belies his ogreish reputation. Perhaps the best argument for an elusive warmer Gramm is his wife, Wendy, an accomplished economist herself, bursting with cheerfulness, universally liked (and whose initial reaction to Gramm—"Yuck!"—has become part of his stump speech). But Gramm advisors realize it's the other Gramm that comes across on TV. "Our slogan is going to be, 'Paul Newman he ain't,'" jokes Gramm media consultant Alex Castellanos. Charlie Black explains: "A 30-minute television speech is not his best format. But the guy is a great populist communicator. The way he won elections in Texas . . . is by being able to take conservative positions and explain them in plain terms."

Along with his persona, Gramm skeptics like to point to two Gramm "vision" problems. The first involves the social issues. Doubts on this score came to a head this spring when Gramm met with Gary Bauer and James Dobson, and in response to their entreaties to talk more about moral issues, told them he's not a preacher. "I don't let people push me around," Gramm still says of that meeting. Gramm did patch things up, giving a "values and virtues" speech at Liberty University, paying court to Dobson, leading the charge to add illegitimacy provisions to the welfare bill. Phyllis Schlafly points to Gramm's spotless pro-life record, his work on the Henry Foster nomination and welfare reform, and his support for preserving the pro-life GOP platform plank: "I don't know what more people want."

BUT the unease with Gramm is not with his voting record. The worry is that Gramm has an economist's tin ear for the culture, that he believes in "rational man" above all else. Gramm thinks Clinton will wage a class-warfare campaign next year. But Clinton is at his best when he taps into the nation's cultural unease, its thirst for a kind of revival (when, in short, he's a preacher). Gramm has a perfectly coherent—and politically palatable—position on these issues: in essence, that government should get out of the way and let Americans make their own moral choices. But unless Gramm hits some preacherly notes himself he risks seeming a pinched, one-dimensional candidate.

The other vision criticism is that Gramm is not a Reagan optimist. This has even less merit than the social-issues complaints. Gramm's candidacy is at bottom about freedom, a faith in the ability of Americans to create wealth and order their own lives without the direction of government. The problem that self-styled sunny Republicans like Steve Forbes have with Gramm isn't substance but tone. Gramm's oratory could use more uplift—"I want less government because I want more freedom" isn't exactly soaring rhetoric—but the bite in his talk is a good fit for the new, populist GOP. Grass-roots Republicans are "angrier," more willing than before to hear the hard truth. So, for the free-marketeer, Steve Forbes has the right principles, but the wrong, avoid-all-hard-choices rhetoric. Pat Buchanan, on the other hand, has the appropriate rhetoric, but the wrong, activist-government principles. Phil Gramm has both about right.

Can he win? Gramm says his campaign's first phase is focusing on proving to voters that he can, and the Iowa straw poll was a first big step. (There is even speculation in the Iowa press now that Bob Dole could actually lose in Iowa, while the Gramm camp delights in the organizational shake-ups apparently racking the Buchanan campaign.)

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Gramm supporters point to all his straw-poll victories (30-some and counting), his money machine (he has raised $15 million and enjoys fundraising), and his message (no massaging necessary). But an indicator just as telling in its way is an anecdote told by a former Texas A&M colleague. Professor Gary Halter, a Democrat, says his basketball buddies called Gramm "Phil Whiner" because every time a call went against him in a pick-up game he'd complain: "[He's] very competitive. He has to win." The moral of the story is that it's not much fun to play basketball against Phil Gramm. It's not much fun to play politics against him either.

Texas Democratic consultant Mark McKinnon, who worked on Lloyd Doggett's 1984 Senate race against Gramm, recalls how as soon as Doggett won his primary Gramm hit him with brutal radio ads about a contribution he accepted from a gay group. McKinnon says the rumor at the time was that Gramm supporters urged him to pull the ad—and Gramm responded by doubling his buy. "He just basically ripped Doggett's legs and arms off and spat them out in June, and the election was six months away," McKinnon says. Isn't Gramm too ugly, too mean to win nationwide? "We said the same thing in 1984: 'Oh, you know, he may sell in [his district in] College Station, but he won't sell statewide,'" says McKinnon, who calls Gramm the best message politician he has ever seen. "I warn them all," McKinnon says of friends eager for a Gramm–Clinton match-up. "That could be a death wish for us."

In a speech back in 1975, Gramm proclaimed: "Those within our government who supposedly represent our views are defending our system with an ineptitude unparalleled in the history of the Republic. To reverse this trend we need but a unit of will." The same is true today. And if there is anything Phil Gramm has in spades, it's will. That's why conservatives who blurted "Yuck!" at their first glance at Phil Gramm—the near dropout who made good, the economics professor still fighting for his principles twenty years later—had best take a second look. □

Jerusalem Gambit

How we should treat Jerusalem is a matter of U.S. constitutional law as well as Middle Eastern politics.

MARSHALL J. BREGER

WITH the signing of the Israel–PLO accord in the East Room September 28, the attention of those concerned with the Middle East peace process has already shifted to the final-status negotiations to begin no later than the end of 1996. Foremost among the issues to be resolved is the status of Jerusalem.

Indeed, now that the Baltic states have regained their freedom, Jerusalem is one of the last places where *de facto* and *de jure* aspects of international law are sharply at odds. For while the United States and every other Western country *de facto* treat West Jerusalem as the capital of Israel, no government formally accepts Israeli sovereignty over any part of Jerusalem in its pre- or post-1967 borders. Just two countries, Costa Rica and El Salvador, maintain embassies there.

Before the British Mandate ended, the Truman Administration supported internationalization of the city as a *corpus separatum*. This notion was opposed by Arabs and Jews alike and then made irrelevant by the 1949 armistice, which recognized Jordanian (eastern) and Israeli (western) sectors of the city. However, the United States has never recognized West Jerusalem as part of Israel, and it was not until the 1967 Six-

Mr. Breger is a Senior Fellow at the Heritage Foundation and Scholar-in-Residence at the Columbus School of Law, Catholic University of America. This article builds on a study published in the December 1994 Middle East Quarterly.

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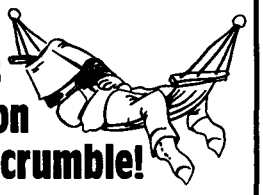

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Day War that the U.S. Government as a practical matter abandoned internationalization as a goal.

After the Israeli victory in June 1967, Ambassador Arthur Goldberg underscored that Israeli annexation of East Jerusalem "cannot be considered as other than interim and provisional and as not prejudging the final and permanent status of Jerusalem." Still, the Johnson Administration did not call for the restoration of Jordanian authority in East Jerusalem, arguing only that "there . . . must be adequate recognition of special interests of three great religions in the holy places of Jerusalem."

Two years later, Charles Yost, Richard Nixon's UN ambassador, staked out a somewhat different position, pointing out that "the United States considers that that part of Jerusalem that came under control of Israel in the June war, . . . is occupied territory." Secretary of State William Rogers, while affirming that Jerusalem should be a unified city, proposed that "there should be roles for both Israel and Jordan in the civic, economic, and religious life of Jerusalem." Later Administrations took a step backward, urging only that the final status of a "unified" Jerusalem be negotiated as part of a comprehensive peace settlement.

IN contrast, Congress increasingly views a united Jerusalem as the capital of Israel. Numerous concurrent resolutions (which express the "sense" of the House or Senate but have no binding effect) have been passed in the last twenty years urging Jerusalem as the site of our embassy. Some of these urge merely that the U.S. embassy be located in Jerusalem; others go further, urging that the United States recognize Jerusalem as Israel's capital. (The one does not necessarily entail the other.) In 1984 Senator Moynihan led a forceful campaign to pass legislation moving the embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, blunted only by the determination of the Reagan Administration.

This spring, pro-Israel activists upped the ante. More than 250 congressmen signed a letter urging President Clinton to move the embassy, and 93 senators wrote a letter on similar lines. Bob Dole introduced legislation requiring the U.S. Government to start building an embassy in Jerusalem in 1996 and to open it by May 1999.

Dole's bill, the Jerusalem Embassy Relocation Implementation Act of 1995 (S-770), is more than hortatory rhetoric. It would block 50 per cent of the State Department's 1996 foreign construction funds until construction began on a Jerusalem embassy, and would do the same in 1999 if the embassy had not opened.

To Dole's chagrin the Jewish community has failed to line up 100 per cent behind him. While AIPAC (American Israel Public Affairs Committee), the powerhouse Washington pro-Israel lobby, supports the bill, it is joined only by the Jewish "Right," groups like the Jewish War Veterans and the Zionist Organization of America, who are at the margins of the Jewish communal establishment. Most establishment groups, meanwhile, have backpedaled. The American Jewish Committee and the National Jewish Community Relations Advisory Council refused to get on board. The American Jewish Congress flipped, first coming out in favor and then, at its May 18 Executive Committee meeting, expressing reservations. And the bellwether Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations punted, supporting the move "in principle" but remaining uncommitted on the specifics of the Dole proposal.

Prime Minister Rabin, of course, continues to restate the Jewish claim that the "united Jerusalem is our capital, the capital of the Jewish people, and will remain this way forever." Nonetheless, the Rabin government takes a surprisingly muted position on the Dole Bill. The Rabin line is as follows: Our capital is Jerusalem. We welcome any country moving its embassy to our capital. But it's your internal business whether you do so or not. Your actions in no way reflect on Jerusalem's status as our capital.

U.S. domestic politics aside, moving the embassy would not solve the Jerusalem issue. For as Jewish groups have themselves often argued in regard to the embassy in Tel Aviv, the fact that a U.S. embassy is located in a particular city does not necessarily mean that the U.S. recognizes that city as a capital. Indeed the U.S. embassy in East Germany was located in East Berlin, although the U.S. specifically rejected that city as the Soviet satellite's capital. The United States embassy in Nigeria stayed behind in Lagos when Nigeria changed its capital to Abuja; the U.S. embassy in the Ivory Coast remained in Abidjan rather than move to Yamoussoukro. Faced with congressional *force majeure*, the State Department may ultimately begin constructing an embassy in Jerusalem, while arguing that that does not mean that the U.S. recognizes Jerusalem as the capital.

In any event, there are clear constitutional problems with the Dole proposal. Article II, Section 2, grants the power to exercise foreign affairs to the President. Furthermore, the President is given explicit power to "appoint ambassadors . . . and consuls" and to "receive ambassadors and other public ministers." The Supreme Court has understood this language as authorizing the President to determine the form and manner in which the United States will maintain relations with foreign nations, and this includes the question of where an embassy will be situated.

THIS is, of course, well plowed ground. As long ago as 1876 President Ulysses S. Grant, in signing an appropriations act for the consular and diplomatic service, rejected Congress's right to order him to close a consulate. In his signing statement Grant pointed out that while "it is within the power of Congress to grant or withhold appropriation of money for the payment of salaries and expenses of the foreign representatives of the government," he would reject as unconstitutional any claimed "right in the legislative branch to direct the closing or discontinuing of any of the diplomatic or consular offices of the government."

President Reagan took the

"No, no, no—last *year was the biggest tax hike in history; this year will only be the biggest tax hike* since *last year!"*

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same position when signing the 1988–89 Foreign Relations Authorization Act. Concerned that the State Department would respond to budget cutbacks by closing diplomatic missions abroad, Congress prohibited the use of appropriated funds to pay for closing a U.S. consular post. Going further, Congress ordered that no funds would be available to pay administrative expenses of the State Department should any consulate be closed. Since the offending provisions had been waived for a two-year period Reagan determined that he could sign the bill without immediate constitutional consequences and work to repeal the offending provisions before they became operative.

President Clinton staked out similar ground in 1994 when faced legislation that purported to require the establishment of a U.S. Information Agency office in Lhasa, Tibet.

In the current instance, Bob Dole sought to get around the constitutional problem by using Congress's appropriations power to encourage the President to take its advice by withholding half of the State Department's construction account in 1996 and in 1999 unless the embassy project has reached the appropriate stages.

One might argue that S-770 in no way restricts the President's authority to maintain the embassy in Tel Aviv. It merely creates a financial disincentive. Similarly in 1909, when Congress passed an appropriations rider offering President Taft the choice between, on the one hand, having Marines make up 8 per cent of battleship crews, and, on the other hand, no funding for the Marine Corps at all, the attorney general found such a contingent financial penalty constitutional, arguing that Congress has the power to provide that an appropriation for the Marine Corps "not be made available unless the Marine Corps be employed in some designated way."

But in the end, using the spending power to curtail the President's Article II authority won't work. Congress cannot use the power of the purse to seize a power textually committed to the Executive alone. While Congress can probably appropriate money for the construction of a building in West Jerusalem (and create a financial penalty if no construction takes place) it cannot use the "spending power" to order the Executive either in 1996 or 1999 to make that building an embassy rather than a consulate or cultural center. Nor can it order the President to recognize Israeli sovereignty over Jerusalem.

The unspoken fact is that the U.S. Government is already committed to building in Jerusalem. It has secured a 99-year lease from the Israeli government for land in Talpiot in order to ensure that suitable space will be available whenever the diplomatic niceties allow.

A side issue adding to the complexity of the embassy bill is the debate over the expropriation of land in East Jerusalem. This has always been an explosive issue between Jews and Arabs. After Likud Mayor Ehud Olmert stirred the pot, the Rabin cabinet announced plans to expropriate some 140 acres and build more than 5,000 housing units in East Jerusalem, only 400 of which would be earmarked for Arabs. The Arab world exploded. The Arab League called for a Jerusalem summit and an emergency debate in the Security Council. Only a U.S. veto prevented a Security Council condemnation of Israel's move. The King of Morocco (head of the Islamic Conference's Jerusalem Committee) sent a pained note to Rabin, and Jordan called in the Israeli ambassador to protest. When two small parties in the Knesset (cheered on by the Likud opposition) threatened to bring down the government over the issue Rabin beat a hasty retreat, suspending the entire project.

WHILE explosive, the expropriation issue is clearly peripheral. Even as an "occupying power," let alone as a sovereign, Israel has the right to expropriate land for public purposes (such as housing). And the land owners, of course, have the correlative right of compensation. Invariably, however, Palestinians refuse to apply for compensation when property is condemned, so as not to validate Israel's control over the territory.

Within the Senate, pressure to bring the Jerusalem bill to the floor is flagging. Warren Christopher has written Congress warning that he has urged a presidential veto (and the word is that he means it for once). And Dole, stung by the intensity of the opposition in the media and lukewarm support in the Jewish community, seems unwilling to press the matter without a clear and convincing veto-proof vote count (he now has sixty co-sponsors).

Sen. Dianne Feinstein (D., Calif.) is

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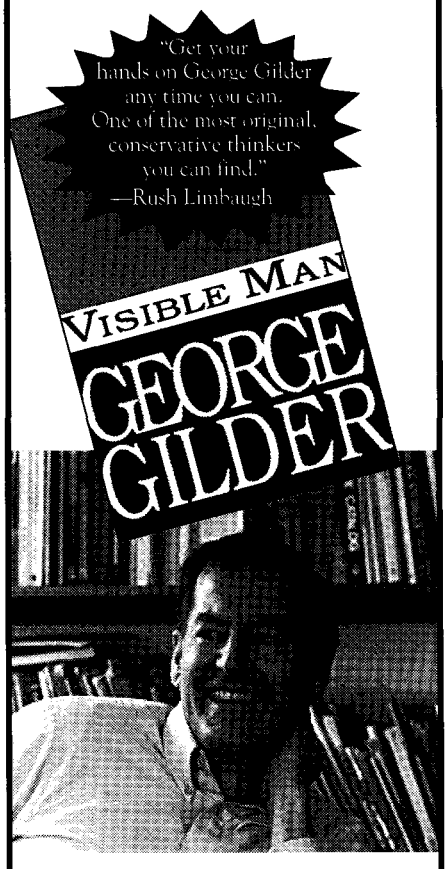
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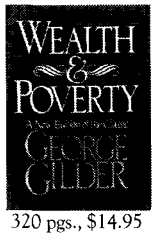

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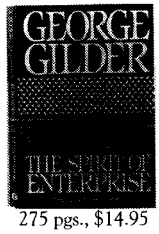

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working on language that will remove the "legislative hammer" forcing groundbreaking to begin in 1996, while leaving the 1999 deadlines. And this compromise might well attract some of those currently behind the Dole bill. Should this version pass, the President could safely sign it, treating the legislation as yet one more hortatory resolution expressing the sense of Congress that the embassy should be moved.

But what of the requirement that the Jerusalem embassy open in 1999? Clinton could use the same logic that President Reagan used when he signed the FY1988–89 Foreign Relations Authorization Act.

IRONICALLY the campaign to move the embassy may well backfire on its pro-Israel proponents. The land already purchased for a new U.S. facility in West Jerusalem, and the move are usually defended on the view that, in columnist Charles Krauthammer's words, "the embassy move does endorse Israel's claim to that part of Jerusalem that is indisputably Israel's."

This means that Israel's claim to East Jerusalem remains in dispute. Thus, by building a U.S. embassy in "unchallenged Jewish West Jerusalem," as the May 26 *Washington Post* points out, we would underscore the notion that Israeli sovereignty in East Jerusalem is "in play." Moving the embassy could well reinforce efforts to divide the city in final-status talks.

A divided-city scenario is just what the Palestinians want. Their more sophisticated ideologues no longer claim all of Jerusalem. As Faisal Husseini, the PLO's spokesman on Jerusalem, has pointed out,

> We do not want to see the city divided. It is now divided. Part of it is under occupation and the other part sanctions this occupation. . . . We are seeking a comprehensive solution that will keep Jerusalem open, with free movement and without borders; but at the same time it will contain two capitals.

Moving the embassy will entail numerous unintended consequences. One issue, of course, is what kind of compensation will be proffered the Palestinians, and indeed the broader Arab world, which has significant interests in the holy places of Jerusalem.

The European countries, for example, are certain to upgrade their relations with Orient House, the PLO's unofficial East Jerusalem headquarters. So may the Vatican. The King of Morocco, who while a devotee of the peace process remains chairman of the Jerusalem Committee of the Islamic Conference, will have to be assuaged. As will both King Hussein of Jordan and the Saudis, both of whom claim the mantle of protector of the holy places.

More problematically something needs to be done about our present consulate-general in Jerusalem. The U.S. consulate today has two branches, one in East Jerusalem and one in West Jerusalem. Reflecting the American position regarding sovereignty in Jerusalem, the American consul reports to Washington not through the ambassador in Tel Aviv but directly to the State Department. This sleight of hand has allowed the consulate more freedom to monitor events on the West Bank and to serve in a day-to-day sense as our liaison with the West Bank Palestinians.

Now it may be that the State Department will simply close up the consulate and put all consulate functions under the embassy, as is the case in most countries. Certainly if there is an embassy in West Jerusalem there is little need of a consulate as well. But it is far more likely that the Jerusalem consulate will be consolidated at its present branch in the Eastern—that is to say Arab—sector. This kind of action replicated repeatedly by the international community can only reinforce the very notion of a divided city which the supporters of moving the embassy wish to deny.

Like Bill Clinton's 1992 promise to build a kosher kitchen in the White House, the Jerusalem bill may eventually prove to be simply another outgrowth of our quadrennial presidential marathon. There is no doubt that symbolism is important. But those whose goal is a united Jerusalem under Israeli sovereignty risk allowing the symbolic question of where the embassy lies to obscure, or indeed work against, that underlying purpose. □

Welfare States

Neither state nor federal bureaucrats can run welfare properly. It must be devolved to the people.

MARVIN OLASKY

THE Kenosha County Job Center, located in the southeast corner of Wisconsin, is the shiny face of state-level welfare reform, and its presence has launched a thousand trips. More than a dozen state delegations, scores of reporting teams from networks and national magazines, and welfare managers from all over have come and marveled at 54,000 square feet of calibrated administration in color-coordinated offices.

Wisconsin's attempt to provide social services with a human face has something for everyone: Conservatives have been charmed by the 20-hour-per-week work requirement for many AFDC recipients and the two-year time limit on many welfare benefits, and liberals have been mollified by a package of social-worker-intensive programs that will continue to keep the welfare world safe for bureaucracy.

The Kenosha County Job Center has been such a hit that many states are following the leader: Michigan, New Jersey, and others have Wisconsin-style programs, and Massachusetts even hired Wisconsin's social-services director to head its Department of Health and Human Services. Any poster child that popular deserves a closer look.

Kenosha County is an hour's freeway drive from notorious Chicago slum high-rises like Cabrini-Green, but a semi-bucolic world away. The county's population of 130,000 is 90 per cent white; the unemployment rate is about 3 per cent. On the way from the interstate to the Job Center, drive-by shootings are not a concern and drive-

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through fast-food places are easy to find. The center itself anchors a small shopping mall that includes a software store, a hobby shop, and a cinema four-plex.

On the way from the parking lot to the reception area, one spots a sign promoting a workshop on self-esteem: "You are scheduled to begin an exciting adventure next week." For those used to welfare offices with bullet-proof glass, scarred linoleum, and crammed cubicles, the reception area is a revelation: light wood, bright walls with prints of water lilies, wooden circular tables with padded blue seats, and an 18-foot ceiling with an overhead fan to supplement the air conditioning. Next to the reception area is a bright, spacious children's play room that has lots of toys and good books such as *Where the Wild Things Are*.

Further in, the adventure continues. Light blue-grey panels distinguish modular office areas amid wide open spaces. Welfare clients—sorry, welfare "participants"—seldom need to wait for meetings with caseworkers; asked about the absence of lines, program director George Leutermann observes, "We're not into crowds." Posted newspaper headlines inform participants that they are utilizing a facility that will be historic: "Country looks to Kenosha for welfare reform ideas." Caseworkers convey to participants the sense that they are beneficiaries of an experiment that could change the nation, and the state employees themselves are encouraged to think of themselves as heroes.

Leutermann, receiving recognition at age 48 after a career in social services, recalls, "I told our people that their kids will be reading about them in the newspaper. They said, 'Sure, that's c--.' But they are getting what we promised." Operations manager Larry Jankowski, at 51 also a veteran manager of employment programs and welfare systems, tells employees, "If we can be successful here, that is your ticket to a job anywhere." They can go forth and spread the Kenosha welfare gospel.

That gospel is a crowd-pleaser so far because it has three sides: liberal, conservative, and feminist. The liberal side of the equilateral triangle proposes big government programs, but with an awareness that bureaucratic hauteur is out, provision of services is in: "We treat our participants like kings and queens," Leutermann says, and he makes sure that the monarchs have a panoply of valets: "If they have a remediation problem, they go to that person. We have a brokering process whereby the case manager helps participants access services." The Kenosha goal is not to bond the needy with caseworkers, who average 150 participants each and see each participant an average of once every three months; the goal is to place participants in the care of government-paid specialists, who are conveniently housed under one roof.

The conservative-sounding side of the triangle is the work emphasis. Participants go quickly through vocational assessment and receive information about careers, labor markets, job retention, and financial planning. They are required to develop a job-finding plan and, after an initial four-week module designed to build motivation and "self-esteem," to get on with the task of finding a job. Participants are required either to find a job or to put in a "simulated 32-hour work week" of job-readiness courses, practice interviews, etc. The mushiness is evident, but at least participants are supposed to report on time; three-fourths of AFDC recipients come to class regularly, and 90 per cent of that final quarter show up following sanctions, according to Leutermann.

The base of the triangle is feminism, with chunks of New Age subjectivity thrown in. Computer-printed signs dominate the walls of the two Kenosha training rooms: "A family doesn't need a man to be whole." "Stop waiting for Prince Charming, his horse broke down." Asked about the usefulness of dumping the Prince Charming goal—yes, women on AFDC should not be passively waiting, but marriage *is* the most common exit from the welfare rolls—Jankowski says, "We tell them straight out that marriage is not the answer." Other signs suggest the answer: "I have the power within me. What I focus on expands." "You're a one-of-a-kind design." Since the last exhortation seems to suggest the existence of a designer, a question logically follows: Is something like the Alcoholics Anonymous concept of a "higher power" acceptable? "There's absolutely no reference to a higher power at this Center," Jankowski insists. "This is a self-actualization technique."

Does the Kenosha triangle work? Fans and critics alike throw around statistics. Yes, the Kenosha center has

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placed more clients in jobs than the typical welfare office, but it has placed less than half of its participants; studies suggest that many of them would have found jobs anyway. Yes, those leaving welfare in Kenosha are taking jobs at wages considerably above the minimum, but the county's booming local economy and small minority population make its experience atypical.

BENEATH these demographic issues lie deeper questions, especially among those who believe that all lifestyles are created equal. Over half of AFDC mothers have never been married; how will Kenosha help them? And how does Kenosha get at problems of values? The Kenosha goal is to change some habits; if effective, the program may change a person on the outside, but it does not touch the inside—nor would we want a government program to do so. But is wiping the outside of the glass sufficient?

Whether or not the Kenosha model meets the needs of those on welfare, it certainly meets the needs of welfare careerists, while satisfying (for the moment) the public push for reform. The Kenosha model has now spread to Milwaukee, which has 36,000 AFDC cases to Kenosha's 2,000. The North Milwaukee Job Center opened in January with 56,000 well-organized square feet.

Bureaucrats are turned on by the new center. Employment training manager Ruth Schmidt is "analyzing how units interface with other units so we can better integrate funding sources into service-delivery output." Lots of money has been spent in the pursuit of fraternity and equality; asked how much the desks and chairs and related furnishings cost, one staffer responded offhandedly, "Oh, a few hundred thousand dollars."

The only drawback evident at the North Milwaukee center is that it seems to have few participants. At 3 P.M. there were two child-care workers but no children in a child-care facility that is a clone of Kenosha's. At 3:15 one manager was talking excitedly about how the new computers at the center "are used constantly," but Classroom 27 had 31 Omni-Tech computers with CD-ROM drives and "Intel Inside" labels displayed on them, and not a single person using them.

Different explanations were offered for the lack of job-seekers at the Job Center. Ruth Schmidt said that clients were "out interfacing with job opportunities." One Milwaukee AFDC recipient, Michelle Dudley, when asked about the Job Center's reputation in the community, said, "They want me to care about getting a job, but they're just trying to keep their own jobs." The director of a small inner-city business in Milwaukee, Jo Henderson, said, "They built a building. I haven't heard of their building relationships." Kenosha manager Leutermann said, "In Milwaukee they absolutely refuse to employ sanctions if people don't show up. They don't want to do it. Anything you can mention, they have an excuse."

Even with the apparent absence of clients, staffers on that Monday afternoon seemed busy. One was reading a manual, a second was checking computer files, and a third settled for low-tech paper shuffling. For the welfare-system veterans, the line from an Old Milwaukee beer commercial is a good summation of life on the job in Kenosha or North Milwaukee: "It doesn't get any better than this."

After Wisconsin, the three states most often cited as welfare-reform leaders are Michigan, Massachusetts, and New Jersey. Michigan took good first steps in 1991 by eliminating its state "general assistance" program, thus forcing some able-bodied males who did not qualify for any other program to look for work, and in 1992 by pushing the idea of a "social contract" within which AFDCers had to expend "productive effort" (besides that involved with their own children) in return for funding.

However, although one-fourth of AFDCers in Michigan are now listed as effort-producers, compared to less than one-tenth nationwide, most are taking courses or undergoing job-preparation assessment by government caseworkers, not actually working. So far Michigan reforms have failed to shrink significantly the number of families on AFDC.

Massachusetts's changes, often hailed in the press as the nation's most sweeping, went into effect on July 1, with the Welfare Department changing its name to the Department of Transitional Assistance. The goal is to make that change more than cosmetic by moving nearly a third of the welfare population from the dole to the job. About 20,000 able-bodied AFDCers with school-age children will be required to find work or take 20-hour-a-week "community service" positions with agencies that will have them; the AFDC recipients will not be paid, but they will continue to receive welfare checks for up to two years if they show up at their stations often enough to avoid complaints. The change may provide justification for managers who house welfare recipients to hire additional staff, and it will certainly lead to an increase in government-funded day-care slots.

New Jersey has made many of the usual changes and is now best known for its "family cap," under which a two-child AFDC mother who has another child does not get a $67 monthly increase. Several other states have caps also, but it is too early to evaluate their effect. All quick declarations of victory are suspect in welfare reform, unless there are clear changes in values among recipients, because the main challenge is not placing a client in a job, but keeping him or her there. AFDC mothers often leave welfare temporarily for work, then cycle right back onto the lists; the critical question is whether internal values have changed sufficiently so that the inevitable setbacks will be overcome with persistence.

Just-started programs in Virginia and Mississippi may be more promising, but so far even the government programs that claim the greatest success in scrubbing the outside of the glass have yet to clean the inside. The "rule of halves" still seems to be in effect: Half of all AFDC recipients leave the rolls within a year, but half of those are back within another year; in sum, half of all recipients are on welfare rolls for a total of at least ten years.

WHILE the Kenosha model and its North Milwaukee clone have been garnering press attention, several small, community-based Milwaukee organizations have been helping welfare recipients by getting at those difficult questions of values. They have done this by not shirking discussion of beliefs and by emphasizing through one-to-one teaching the behaviors needed to keep a job: getting to work on time, dressing appropriately, staying until quitting time, treating the boss and customers with respect.

In one corner of Milwaukee's Parklawn housing project, for example, an organization called The Right Alternative Family Service Center promotes cultural conservatism under the leadership of Deborah Darden. She is a black former welfare recipient who still espouses political liberalism but sees the rot the Left has fostered. Miss Darden's

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essential message is contained in the lyrics she wrote for a catchy song called, "Count Me In": "I want to go back, count me in, to a future that we left in the past. / Do you remember when everybody in the neighborhood looked out for the children running wild? / Take me back to yesterday when we followed my God's way. / Leave behind these cold hard times and move on to brighter days. / Do you remember when a father could provide and mother did not have those weeping eyes? / I want to go back, count me in, to a future we left in the past."

Miss Darden, 41, dressed in a suit and big heart earrings, talks of her ideas while sitting in her program's headquarters, an old community hall/gym that still has basketball backboards on the walls, and furniture that cost several hundred dollars rather than several hundred thousand. "We've seen the effects of the free, 1960s lifestyles on our communities," she says. "When I began talking about the need to have some discipline, there was opposition: People said that to make a child say, 'Yes, ma'am,' is returning us to the times of slavery. But that's one of the habits of the past that really worked, so we need to revisit it."

Three years ago Miss Darden worked with welfare moms who live in the 518 units of the Parklawn housing project to develop a list of 13 behaviors that mothers should follow as they begin to embrace a culture of responsibility. The behaviors include: "Reteaching our children to use Mr., Mrs., Ms. titles to all adults. . . . Become more conscientious about the social behavior we allow our children to see. . . . Demanding that all guests who visit our homes abide by the same value structure."

Current and recent welfare moms who attend Right Alternative meetings—almost all of them black—embrace those behaviors. Donna Harris, wearing a flimsy jacket and a hat folded back, says, "After I been here a while, there was a big cloud coming over me, telling me I shouldn't be living with a man if I'm not married." She now is married, and wants law and order in the neighborhood: "When I saw a drug sale to young boys, I called the police."

Michelle Dudley says, "I used to drink, smoke weed, do the pipe. I thought it was okay to sit home and watch TV all day. My four kids [ages 5, 6, 7, and 12] used to be wild kids; it was because of me. Now I'm gettin' my GED, and nobody's allowed to do nothing in my house."

Cynthia Wilson, who is now engaged to be married, notes the "no profanity" rule within the 13 behaviors and explains, "When you change, you'll see a change in your children. Now they say, 'Momma, you cussed,' when I slip." Lorene Lee, thin and quiet, says she now monitors the neighborhood children: "Before, if I saw kids throwing stuff, doin' bad, I'd just cuss them. Now, I'll go talk to their parents."

A CHANGE in values is the way for many women to leave welfare, Miss Darden and her disciples say. An honest woman can attract a hard-working man, can impress employers through her diligence and honesty, and can provide a model of good behavior for her children. Michelle Dudley, explaining that traditional values attract men who want to marry, says, "Once I stopped being easy, then I started seeing gentlemen." Deborah Lee, in T-shirt and sweatpants, adds, "If you expect marriage, then you change the way you act. Now I make it clear: Johnny can't come to the house, get himself a little piece, and leave."

Cynthia Wilson specifies that she does not "want a boyfriend, I want a marriage. Before, I didn't care about someone respecting me. I didn't mind someone laying over me. But I learned that I can't be half a woman and get a whole man." She adds, "I have five children. The man I'll marry is not the father of any of them, but he loves me. The government says, 'You ain't gonna get no husband.' We don't have to listen to the government. There is someone out there."

Many women planning to leave welfare do not know as much about the soap operas as they used to, but they almost invariably are thinking more about God. (They may have been in church as children, but they usually had no sense of how to apply Biblical principles of work and family.) Donna Harris says, "Used to be, every time I heard the word God, I got mad. I didn't want to hear it. But before you know it, here I am, and I know God is the center of everything." Cynthia Wilson comments, "I didn't want to hear nothing about no God. And now, my friends and I are God-fearing people, and we try to do what is right."

None of these changes surprise Deborah Darden, who notes that a culture of immorality "is something you just buy into, without giving it a lot of thought." She blames leaders in society who "don't want to appear to have made a mistake. We tell the young girls that single-parenting is a positive. It's not. We need to learn from our mistakes. We used to think that getting high, free sex, whatever feels good was fine. We said, don't be mean enough to your kids to raise them, just let them run free." That type of thinking is everywhere, including in the welfare system, and it needs to be fought, she concludes: "We're conditioned by something we can't see. People back off when you talk about values, but that's what we need."

In a sense, The Right Alternative could be called a first-stage assault on AFDC: women walk away from the beliefs and attitudes they have imbibed over the years and begin to appraise soberly the way God's world works. The second stage, successful in the long term only if it is based on internally changed values, is an external attitude adjustment. The third stage is specific job training.

The Professional Receptionist Institute in Milwaukee is one example of a second- and third-stage program: Begun by Lessie Handy, a black woman who is a former receptionist

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herself, the Institute trains women who want to leave welfare in not only the skills to become receptionists, but the workplace culture as well. Miss Handy, who wears dress-for-success clothes and has permed hair, is decidedly not multicultural in relation to her charges: "If they have a ring in their nose, they got to get it out. If they come in with their hair in braids, I tell them to get it permed. They can't wear shorts. When they answer the phone, they can't say, 'Hold on,' they have to be pleasant and use correct diction so they can gain and retain customers."

Miss Handy's students are receptive to her demands for a change in habits partly because they know she cares, and partly because they realize the financial payoff of being a good receptionist. The Institute has 202 graduates, and 186 of them are working, according to Miss Handy, who comes from the same economic and racial background as most of her students and is available 24 hours a day for counseling: "People are still crawling when they leave here. They need someone who understands where they're coming from and will hold their hand as long as it takes; most government people can't or won't do that, and the ones that do are just there during office hours." Financially, those who have started to think long-term instead of getting by month to month, hand to mouth, are finally ready to turn their backs on the cheap grace of AFDC. Student Angela Stearns says, "I'm tired of telling my kids, 'I can't afford that.' "

THE differences between Lessie Handy's privately funded Institute and the North Milwaukee Job Center are immense. The former uses every available bit of limited floor space; the latter is a vast prairie. The former is crowded with clients; the latter unpacked with participants. Paulette Christian, the Institute's business-relations manager, speaks readily of how she was called by Jesus Christ to offer a fresh spiritual start as well as training to those who come in; at the Job Center, God is still officially in exile.

At the Institute, students talk of the men in their lives; at the Job Center, the theme song could be Helen Reddy's sermon from the Seventies, "I am strong, I am invincible, I am woman." The Job Center has the usual hortatory signs about how "Success comes in cans, not in cannots." At the Institute, Miss Christian says, "We don't sugar-coat anything. We don't tell them it will be easy, because it won't. We shut the door, we put the mitts on, we let them know we're not from New Berlin [a Milwaukee suburb]. Everything we talk about we've experienced. What we want them to do we've done."

Governmental job-center programs, in comparison, largely operate at stage three, and have a feminist-flawed approach to stage two. They skip the necessary move away from the culture of irresponsibility, because such criticism would be politically incorrect. They emphasize the professional roles of numerous specialists, rather than the compassionate *suffering with* that one person can offer—and yet, throughout American history, the one-to-one bonding of voluntaristic, personal compassion has been far more effective than the paid-by-the-hour kindness of professionals. Larry Jankowski of Kenosha, defending the method of brief caseworker appointments followed by referrals, says, "You don't have to sit down for an hour to have a meaningful dialogue with a person." Lessie Handy of the Institute says, "No, you need ten hours."

THE Right Alternative and The Professional Receptionist Institute are not the only shoestring, community-based operations that are changing lives rather than looking for bureaucratic dollars. Bill Lock, a black Korean War veteran, is operations manager of Community Enterprises of Greater Milwaukee, an inner-city organization housed across from a graveyard and designed to give birth to small, low-skill businesses. CEGM now provides space to half a dozen businesses, including a transformer assembly firm and an elderly-home-care service, and Bill Lock speaks of how there is no reason to give up on low-skilled men: they can feel manly repairing everything from windows to small engines, and can then move on to training in trades like masonry and carpentry, where the demand for help exceeds the supply of competent individuals.

"The problem is not the availability of jobs," Mr. Lock notes. "The problem is minds that have been distorted." When those minds have been reconfigured, job training is easy, and for that reason, along with their own personal belief, many of the entrepreneurs with whom he works emphasize spiritual change as an underpinning to economic advance. Jo Henderson, director of a nursing concern, says, "When you have Christ, you become a new creation, and if you understand what that means, your work ethic changes."

Bill Lock is a deacon at the Community Baptist Church, whose pastor is the Rev. Roy Nabors. Nabors dresses dapperly in a double-breasted suit with a pocket handkerchief, but he spits out sentences intensely over lunch at the QF&H Diner, a black community fixture for thirty years. "It is God's plan that man and woman should live in a state of holy matrimony and then have children," Nabors states. "When we move away from that, we have problems. . . . A lot of men see the need to support their family and start working hard, but the problem is that many people are in shacking relationships, and the men don't take responsibility.

"We must face it: 75 per cent of the children in this area are living in dysfunctional families," Nabors continues, wiping his face with a handkerchief and smiling wryly: "Here I'm making a moral judgment, but we need to say it straight: Parents are raising children alone because of immoral behavior. Some do an excellent job, but it's an extremely difficult thing to do, and not a common occurrence to do it well. . . . I blame most of the churches for this cultural deprivation. What we are preaching is nothing but a watered-down, feel-good, mutual admiration society. . . . At my church many couples have walked away because I confronted them on living out of wedlock with children, but you can't pussyfoot around that if you're serious about helping people lead godly lives. And no government program will help unless shacking people stop doing it."

Nabors works largely in the black community, but white churches and families are facing similar problems as illegitimacy spreads: the problem is cultural, not racial, and the basis for a solution is theological, not economic. The essential defect of the Kenoshas is that no bureaucracy, and no amount of money, can buy the reformation of morals that is desperately needed.

Lasting welfare reform is likely to come not from Kenosha but through those who are animated by Biblical concepts of challenge, personal involvement, and spiritual commitment. For such quiet heroes in Milwaukee, and for their counterparts whom I am meeting across the country, welfare reform is not a career. It's a calling. □

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

September 29, 1995

Dear Rusty,

When you moved down to Brazil to do research on the Rain Forest, you asked me to send down newspaper clippings and the odd New York Times bestseller to keep you up-to-date. And I said, Okay, fine, that's what friends do for each other.

So I can't tell you how disappointed and—well, I'll say it—miffed I was to read your last letter, in which your response to my sending you a copy of Colin Powell's autobiography was, "Hey, that guy is great! Why doesn't he run for President?"

In the first place, he's not great, he's just okay—though I admit that he's an excellent role model for young African Americans, but then, what's Hazel O'Leary all of a sudden? Chopped liver? And in the second place, it hurts to have to remind you that WE are running for President (well, specifically, President and Vice President—but the press has very cannily caught on to the Co-President theme) and that we've done a pretty good job so far. But I'll be honest, Rusty—your letter put me into a funk.

And there's no reason why I should be in a funk. Pete Wilson has dropped out of the race—a formidable foe, Rusty: any guy that could raise taxes and then promise to cut them, support affirmative action and then condemn it, vote liberal and then shamelessly pander to the right wing, well, that's a guy Bill Clinton respects. But now that he's out of the race, the only contender we really have to fear, besides Lamar!, is Dole. And to be honest, Lamar! is a lot scarier.

I respect General Powell, and have ever since I strongly supported the Gulf War—others took a different stance; hey, I'm not judging here—but I think all this brouhaha about "healing America's wounds" and "a leader above the fray" kind of misses the point here. Who is it that re-invented government? Us, that's who. And who is it that passed a blueprint budget that came out of conference with five-year sliding-scale slower-than-expected increased outlays? Us, that's who. And for those skeptics who insist on seeing only the cynical political side to every issue, I have only one word to say: AmeriCorps.

A lot of Administrations would just let the Republican Congress run roughshod over them. But we've stood our ground. Sure we'll cut Medicare, sure we'll cut the budget—but not by as much as they want us to! Sometimes, Rusty, you just have to make a principled decision and stick to it. And let me tell you, the focus groups really respond to that kind of thing.

That's not to say that there aren't any problems left for us to solve. Far from it. Americans are in a funk, as Bill has aptly observed (not, repeat NOT, to be confused with a malaise, which is much much worse and is caused by inflation and over-zealous Iranian students), but I think that's because they just don't know how great things are right now.

That's why people have gone so nutty for Colin Powell. We just haven't gotten our message across.

I was explaining this to Tipper the other day. "Tipper," I said, "the reason so many people respond to Colin Powell is that we haven't done a good enough job telling them that they don't need to vote for Colin Powell, since we're really Colin Powell."

Tipper looked up from her book. "Could you keep it down, Al?" she asked. "I stood in line for three hours to get this signed. I'd like to have a few hours of quiet to read it." Finally, she snapped the book shut and looked up.

"What do you think, honey?" I asked.

"I think if he runs, we're dead," she said, and then slipped into a deep funk.

"Come on, Tip," I said. "In the first place, he won't run—he's too liberal. And in the second place, we agree with him on everything—especially the stuff that we don't agree with him on—so there's not really much room for him to run against us."

"He could run on the second half of the ticket," she muttered gloomily.

"Come on, Tip," I said. "Bob Dole isn't going to pick Powell. Didn't you read the book? Powell's a fiscal conservative. Dole hates those guys. And I don't think Lamar! is secure enough to pick a guy like Powell. And they say Gramm has his heart set on Randy Weaver. So relax, Tip. Powell is not going to be on the Republican ticket."

"That's not what I'm afraid of, Al. I'm afraid he might end up on the other ticket."

"Perot's?"

"No. The other other ticket."

"Ours?"

Tipper nodded. I thought about this. Bill would never throw me overboard. He's loyal to his friends and he stands up for his principles.

Still, for some reason, I slipped into a deep funk.

Your pal, Al

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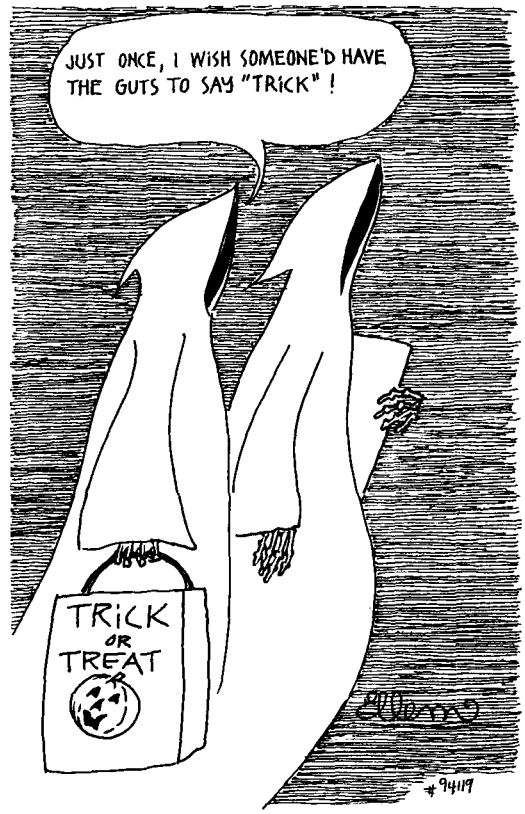
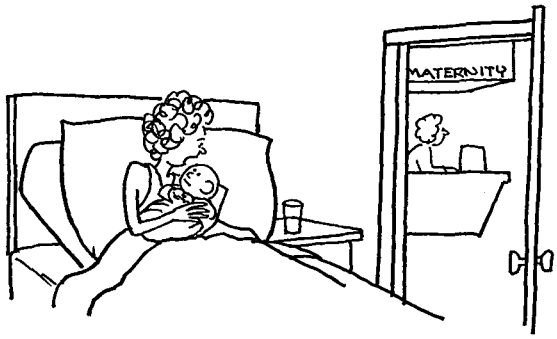
help

Clinton's Uncertain Trumpet

He blew the Charge, a bugle call
That scared the cat and cast a pall
Among a staff accustomed to
Mess, Taps, or possibly Tattoo,
But never Charge. So though his cheeks
And eyeballs bulge for maybe weeks,
If Holbrook pales or Lake should bleat,
Please be prepared to hear Retreat.

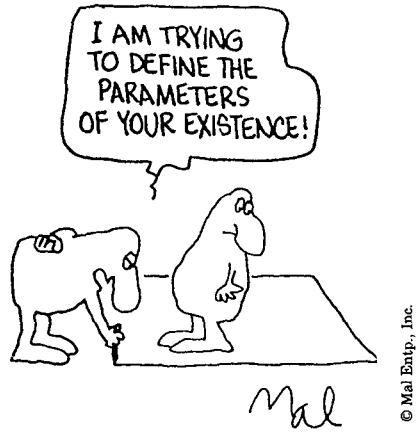
W. H. VON DREELE





"Some day you'll give birth to your own litle baby."

"HA! HA! HA!"



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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

20/20 Vision

ROBERT P. GEORGE

WHY do liberals and conservatives assess the same social facts so differently? The answer, Thomas Sowell suggests, is that liberals and conservatives differ in their *perception* of the facts. The difference, in other words, is one of vision.

"The crucial role of vision," Sowell argues, "is that it enables a vast range of beliefs to be regarded as presumptively true until definitively disproved by unchallengeable evidence." Liberals—or, to use Sowell's disparaging label, "the anointed"—view the world as "a very tidy place," where "prescient politicians can 'invest' tax dollars in 'the industries of the future,' where criminals can be 'rehabilitated,' irresponsible mothers taught 'parenting skills,' and where all sorts of other social problems can be 'solved.' " All this is possible, as liberals see things, because human nature, as a "social construct," is far more malleable than most people imagine. Thus, in the vision of the anointed, "there is obviously a very expansive role for government and for the anointed in prescribing what government should do."

The Vision of the Anointed: Self-Congratulation as a Basis for Social Policy, by Thomas Sowell (Basic, 295 pp., $25)

Sowell contrasts the vision of the anointed with "the tragic vision" of conservatives. What is "tragic" about this vision is that it assumes that problems such as crime, poverty, and irresponsibility cannot finally be "solved." Conservatives, recognizing that "there are no solutions, only trade-offs," do not go in for grand schemes to put an end to poverty, for example, or make health care a fundamental right, or pursue what Sowell derisively calls "cosmic justice." It is not that conservatives are happy that some people are poor, or without health insurance, or whatever. Nor, for that matter, are they complacent about it. Rather, they realize that liberal schemes to eradicate these evils a) never work, and b) inevitably impose huge social costs of their own.

Thus, conservatives are skeptical of large-scale government programs and bureaucracies and are inclined to rely instead on institutions of civil society, such as families, churches, and neighborhood associations, to accomplish what can be accomplished in the areas of health, education, and welfare. Conservatives are hostile to big government not only because it fails to accomplish its utopian goals, but also because it compromises or displaces religious and other subsidiary institutions which have at least some hope of helping people to escape from poverty, rehabilitate themselves from a life of crime, or improve themselves in other ways. Those, like Sowell, with the tragic vision fault those with the vision of the anointed for making the unattainable ideal "the enemy of the good."

Bonnie T. Gardner

Sowell understands the contest of visions to be a longstanding one in Western culture. Godwin, Condorcet, and Mill all shared the vision of the anointed. Burke and the American Founders possessed the tragic vision. Sowell notes that in our own day "most of the leading contemporary opponents of the prevailing vision were themselves formerly within its orbit." He begins the list with Milton Friedman, F. A. von Hayek, Karl Popper, Edward Banfield, Irving Kristol, and Norman Podhoretz. One notable difference between those with the vision of the anointed and those with the tragic vision is that it tends to be the latter who recognize the role of vision in the first place. "To the anointed, their vision and reality are one and the same. Yet the world inside their mind has few of the harsh constraints of the world inhabited by millions of other human beings."

Sowell's account of vision and its role in political life and the creation of social policy helps to explain the tendency of contemporary elites to shift power from the people and their elected representatives to electorally unaccountable bureaucrats and judges. In the vision of the anointed, most people, inasmuch as they fail to share that vision, are more or less benighted. As such, they simply cannot be trusted to exercise political power justly or, for that matter, to judge accurately their own interests. Because they do not understand "the social construction of gender," for example, they cannot be expected, or permitted, to make social policy regarding women and family life, even if they are themselves women. In their benighted condition, they will view traditional maternal and paternal roles as "natural," rather than as socially constructed, pernicious, and subject to "reform." So the task of making family policy, the anointed believe, must be undertaken by properly

Mr. George is an associate professor of politics at Princeton University and author of Making Men Moral: Civil Liberties and Public Morality *(Oxford).*

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educated people whose consciousnesses have been properly raised—that is, by the anointed themselves.

In this respect and others, Sowell's analysis complements the impressive work of Jeffrey Bell in *Populism and Elitism: Politics in the Age of Equality* (1992). Like Bell, Sowell is highly skeptical about the capacity of elites to choose wisely on behalf of other people. Indeed, because social policy is largely a matter of trade-offs rather than solutions, as both Bell and Sowell believe it is, there are no uniquely correct answers that would justify transferring decision-making authority in these areas from the people to elites. This would be true even if elites were, as elitists suppose them to be, generally wiser and morally more enlightened than other people.

Consider Sowell's example of the judicial expansion of rights of those accused of crimes. Plainly it is impossible to devise a system of criminal justice that will never convict an innocent person. And often the establishment of procedural protections to make such convictions less likely will make more likely the acquittal of guilty persons who will then be at large to steal, rape, or murder again. No reasonable person would advocate abolishing the criminal-justice system to ensure that there would never be a wrongful conviction; nor would such a person favor a system that afforded the accused no procedural protections. Is there, however, a uniquely correct answer to the question of how much public safety should be sacrificed in return for how much protection against wrongful convictions?

Even if there were such an answer, it is difficult to see why unelected judges would be more likely than elected representatives to discover it. The truth, however, is that there simply is not a uniquely correct answer. It is, as Sowell suggests, a matter of trade-offs. And, if that is so, then judges have no plenary authority to strike the balance for those who must live under it. Of course, as Sowell recognizes, to some significant extent the Constitution has already struck the balance. And in our system it is the legitimate role of courts to enforce constitutional guarantees. But the Constitution leaves much unsettled in this area. So someone must decide. For those with the tragic vision, trade-offs can legitimately be made only by the people and their representatives. For those with the vision of the anointed, it is up to judges, as experts in cosmic jus-

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tice no less than in constitutional law, to "solve" the problem.

The Vision of the Anointed analyzes a wide variety of liberal schemes that have failed and backfired: from anti-poverty programs and gasoline price controls to population control and sex education. Again and again, as Sowell shows, the anointed have identified a pathology, administered a medicine to cure it, found that the medicine did nothing helpful and may even have made the patient sicker, and then called for stronger doses of the medicine. When sober, careful, and responsible commentators who do not share the vision point to evidence that a scheme isn't working because something is fundamentally wrong with its assumptions about what people are like, the anointed denounce them, as they have so often denounced Sowell himself—not to mention James Q. Wilson, John DiIulio, and other critics of liberal social policies—as "simplistic," "uncaring," and even, that most dismissive of epithets, "conservative."

One suspects that the polemical tone of this book—which will, alas, put off many who would benefit from thoughtful reflection on its teaching—stems in part from Sowell's understandable desire to fire back at his liberal critics. Even in this, however, there is something gained as well as lost in a trade-off. Many a conservative reader will enjoy Sowell's unrelenting rhetorical barrages against liberals and liberalism. In a good polemic, rhetorical point-scoring neither crowds out nor detracts from analytical rigor. And *The Vision of the Anointed*, in addition to its other virtues, is a good polemic. □

Paradigm Lost

DAVID GELERNTER

IN THIS puzzling book the author ponders America's problems and concludes in effect that progressive Republicans—people like Gingrich, Bennett, and Kemp—are right about most of them. You'd expect that the title would be *Proud to Be GOP* and that the book would run maybe a hundred pages, because most of James Pinkerton's proposals are excellent but familiar: privatization, much smaller bureaucracy, school vouchers, medical savings accounts, radical tax reform. So how come the book is four hundred pages, the title says something about a "new paradigm," and the author, who worked in the Reagan and Bush Administrations, wants us to believe that Republicans and Democrats are equally out to lunch? On social issues he is, granted, closer to Republicans like Weld, Wilson, and Whitman than to Bennett, but so what? There is little here that *some* prominent Republican wouldn't cheerfully endorse. Why Pinkerton's paradigm is "new" and not "Republican" is a mystery that deepens as you read.

What Comes Next: The End of Big Government—And the New Paradigm Ahead, by James P. Pinkerton (Hyperion, 404 pp., $24.95)

Pinkerton's writing is breathtakingly bad. Style wouldn't rate such a prominent mention ordinarily, but in this case it dominates the impression you take away. If reading fine prose is like skiing easily downhill, reading Pinkerton is like trekking back up again through an avalanche. You are exhausted by page thirty. The text is littered with the author's new coinages, which create the sobering impression of auto wrecks by the roadside; one proceeds with trepidation. "The Clintons were impulsed by"; "We will see, he dired." The imagery is unique. Robert McNamara "tried to hammer every human problem as if it were a quantifiable nail, and ultimately he hit America's Vietnam thumb." Vintage Pinkerton: downright painful. Some people are growing wealthy, others aren't—or in other words, "one lobe of the transnational grey matter grows a rich green, while the other lobe fades away." (I'm not making this up.) On the likely after-effects of the 1994 elections: "most likely, America will get beefy tax cuts and watery domestic reform; the policy equivalent of 'mystery meat' will be left bobbing in the transparent gruel of spending rescissions."

His main rhetorical gambit is to invent goofy jargon and then clobber you over the head with it again and again. It's a whole new genre, Punch-and-Judy prose. "As AMERICRAT aged, it was upgraded, with Spending, Layering, Bottomlining, and Hawthorne Effecting." But the true masterpieces are the sentences that succeed in being incomprehensible and disgusting simultaneously. "With the Old Paradigm of the Bureaucratic Operating System dug in like a Texas tick, the next Big Offerer will need a gargantuan pair of tweezers to yank it out."

The basic conceit behind all the jargon is that government bureaucracy is like computer software, specifically the "operating system" that coordinates the user's demands with the machine's capacities. The analogy is useful and interesting, up to a point: it captures the fact that the "system" needs to be understood separately from the horde of individuals who "execute" it. But having grabbed hold of this bucking-bronco simile the author refuses to let go, even when it drags him through mud puddles of bad prose, even when it forces him into saying things that are simply wrong. "No software is trouble-free; over time it accumulates bugs, like lint in a belly button." (Another ravishing image.) Except that software, of course, is generally buggy on day one; over time the bugs get *fixed*. But why quibble?

It's clear why the author feels the need to turn somersaults and shout at the top of his lungs. He wants to sell us a "new paradigm," and new paradigms (let's face it) are not exactly Hope diamonds on today's intellectual marketplace. You can find heaping piles of them at any salad bar, right next to the Powerful Statements and all the Revolutionary Theories you can eat. The author wants us to know that his "new paradigm" really *is* a new paradigm, and it's easy to sympathize with him. Screaming out of frustration and a desperate desire to be heard is natural—but that doesn't make it edifying.

If you can penetrate the prose (which to be fair does occasionally lapse into sanity for whole paragraphs at a time), Pinkerton's ideas are sound. He structures his discussion around the "big offers" of American history, which is a helpful term. The Founding Fathers made a big offer consisting of American democracy itself; Lincoln offered freedom, the Union, and the Homestead

Mr. Gelernter is a professor of computer science at Yale, a contributing editor of City Journal, *and the author of* 1939: The Lost World of the Fair.

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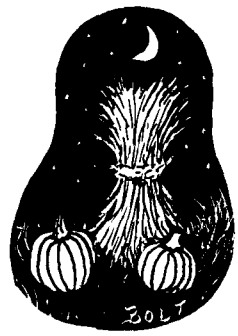
Act; FDR, the New Deal. The Clintons attempted their own Big Offer based on medical care; even though we know the ending, the author's suspenseful tale of how the arrogant Hillary monster was slain is still gripping, and will be retold generations hence. And he explains convincingly why only a fool would be happy with America today—although he is in love with "cyberpunk" science fiction and quotes its prophecies reverently without explaining why anybody should believe them: "The vision of the cyberpunks tells us that in the future . . ." "Cyberpunkers riposte . . ." Why should anyone care what they riposte? (Do these people do a *lot* of riposte-ing, one wonders? Perhaps it is because they are all such champions at it that Pinkerton quotes them incessantly.)



Getting down to business, he argues for a "genuinely new politics that is entrepreneurial and empowering, compassionate as well as hard-nosed." Ho-hum. The "genuinely new politics" consists of a better system of taxing and spending, "a new emphasis on federalism," and an "empowerment" grab-bag having to do with health care, education, and work.

He would like either a flat tax or a consumption tax. Inside dope on spending cuts: "the key to long-term success is making the cut list fair." (Why didn't I think of that?) He wants to abolish lots of Cabinet departments—Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, HHS, Transportation, Energy, Education, Veterans Affairs, the egregious HUD. Excellent. He endorses school vouchers, to convert a system "driven by producers to one that is driven by consumers." Excellent. Medical savings accounts: fine. The only blatantly un-Republican part of his program is a new Civilian Conservation Corps. "Social workers," he observes persuasively, "are less effective at the mobilization and motivation of young people, especially young men, than drill sergeants." But he admits that the program would cost at least $15 billion a year, and he leaves us unclear as to why "mobilizing and motivating young people" is the government's responsibility in the first place. No doubt the Pinkertonjugend would be a wholesome, well-scrubbed bunch, but I still don't like the idea. The CCC, recall, was designed to create *jobs* in a country that was critically short of them.

It's a paradigm, but is it new? Why won't the author own up to his program's being, in essence, mainstream progressive Republicanism? Surely it's not all because of that Civilian Conservation Corps business. Two possible explanations occur to me.

The Left may be dead as a serious intellectual movement, but it still publishes the *New York Times*. It runs the culture business, and books are culture. Pinkerton's desire to distance himself from Republicans might be a desperate attempt to get the *Times* et al. to like him. Such a strategy would be honorable and reasonable. If it worked, it would buy wider exposure for these ideas at the cost of modest disingenuousness. My only qualm is that, if this is what the author has in mind, he isn't trying hard enough. Even when he tosses off such plaintive sentences as, "Conservatives have a point: it is all too easy for Beltway pressure groups," etc., he never succeeds in sounding like a neutral observer searching objectively for the truth. He merely sounds like an FBI plant. He hasn't disguised his conservative sentiments very effectively.

The Pinkerton mystery has another possible explanation. The author might be denying his Republicanism because he's afraid the Republicans in Washington will sell out, whereupon it will become acutely embarrassing to be a Republican, and his reputation will be ruined. He hints at this danger occasionally. He has every reason to worry. Earlier this year House Republicans claimed they would kill the Departments of Commerce, Energy, and Education, but the congressional spending plan targeted Commerce only, and now even Commerce may pull through. The Republican House passed impressive and essential tort-reform legislation, but the Republican Senate improved it by means of the usual delicate senatorial procedures (disembowelment and decapitation), and it now looks as if exactly nothing will pass this year. Kate O'Beirne published a depressing piece in *NR* ["Bread and Circuses," Sept. 11] on prospects for the budget. The epic battle between Doers and Cluckers draws nigh, and the prognosis is iffy. But announcing a new paradigm *now* is like reading the will and breaking up the estate when the patient is nowhere

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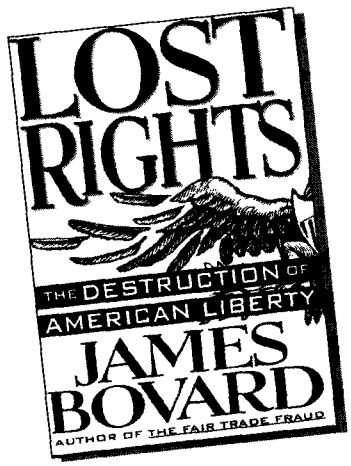

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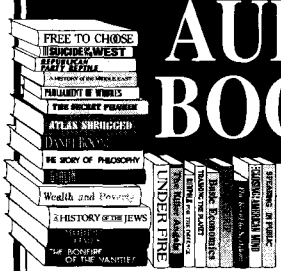

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near dead. Yes, he has looked better. But so has George Stephanopoulos. No one is counting *him* out.

In the end I am left with an unsolved mystery and haunting imagery that I will remember forever. □

The Gold Standard

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

IT has been nearly thirty years since the last biography of Barry Goldwater was published, and a lot of water has gone over the dam. The liberals, having done their damnedest to destroy him when he seemed to threaten their domination, have come to admire the outspoken Arizonan, and never more so than in recent years when his libertarian streak has frequently overpowered his better judgment and given them valuable aid and comfort. Conservatives, for their part, may wince nowadays at his scattershot deviations from orthodoxy, but they will never forget, or fail to honor, his indispensable service to their cause.

Now, suddenly, we are confronted with not one but two full-length, massively researched new biographies of the senator, which between them will constitute the definitive sources on the subject for the foreseeable future.

Of the two, Lee Edwards's is inevitably the livelier, because the author was himself an active participant in Goldwater's 1964 campaign, which is rightly the centerpiece of both volumes. Robert Alan Goldberg, now a professor at the University of Utah, asserts that, as a high-school student at the time, he was a Goldwater fan, but adds that subsequently "I moved to the left politically and remain there today."

Happily, neither author lets his bias intrude seriously on his book. Both remain admirers of their subject, but Edwards scrupulously maintains a critical distance from his hero and doesn't hesitate to criticize him when he feels he was wrong. (He is particularly sharp in his comments on Goldwater's long hostility toward Ronald Reagan, which Edwards rightly puts down to pure jealousy.) For his part, Goldberg avoids all the usual liberal tropisms on the subject of Goldwater, save perhaps a tendency to overestimate the influence of the John Birch Society on the conservative movement. (For example, he wrongly describes The American Committee to Aid Katanga Freedom Fighters, of which Goldwater was a sponsor, as "a Birch Society front organization"; it was, in fact, just another of Marvin Liebman's innumerable letterhead groups.)

It is probably Edwards's own passionate involvement in the California Republican primary that leads him to exaggerate somewhat the significance of Goldwater's victory over Rockefeller there. California was unquestionably a major triumph, but by then Goldwater had lined up enough delegates to win anyway.

Both authors properly cover, in scorching detail, the campaign waged against Goldwater by the Democrats and their allies in the media. (Goldberg describes "the defamation of Barry Goldwater by the Democrats and their accomplices" as "unprecedented in American political history.") But it is Edwards who comes up, more than thirty years later, with an authentic scoop: According to Robert Mardian, an assistant attorney general in the Nixon Administration, J. Edgar Hoover told him in 1971 "that in 1964, the bureau, on orders from the Oval Office, had bugged the Goldwater plane. In explanation, Hoover said, 'You do what the President of the United States orders you to do.' . . . Because it was a warrantless tap, with the request coming directly from the President and bypassing the attorney general, the Goldwater bugging was not included in the Justice Department's index of wiretaps."

Indeed, one of the strengths of Edwards's book is the number of interviews (such as the one with Mardian) that he conducted, nearly all in person and audiotaped; he lists 174.

For historians, or readers with a particular interest in some still-disputed detail of the whole fascinating Goldwater story, both volumes will be treasure-troves of information. Precisely when, for example, did Goldwater change his mind and decide to seek the 1964 nomination? My own answer has always been: in or about March 1963, after angry meetings with Clif White (the organizer of our Draft group) on January 14 and February 5, in which the senator firmly rejected the idea.

Goldberg, however, has an interesting variation on this theory. "Goldwater had not been honest with White. He had no intention of quitting"—he simply wanted his own Arizona cronies to run the operation. Goldberg cites a longhand document he found in the Denison Kitchel Collection at the Hoover Institution, dated December 23, 1962. (Kitchel was a close Arizona friend of Goldwater's, and ultimately became his campaign manager.) The memo urges Goldwater to name an advisory group of "personal friends in whom he has complete confidence," and goes on to outline a blueprint for victory in the nomination race.

That may have been Kitchel's mood in December 1962, but, as Edwards shows, it wasn't (yet) Goldwater's. The memo was probably discussed when Goldwater and some friends met at the Phoenix Country Club on December 27. But in a letter to Goldwater dated January 14 (coincidentally, the very day of White's first disastrous session with him) Dean Burch, who had been one of those present at the Phoenix meeting, summarized the discussion in terms that make it clear that the group's conclusions were pessimistic: Kennedy would be very hard to beat; Goldwater couldn't simultaneously run for reelection to the Senate; if Goldwater was defeated, his voice in the national discourse would be diminished; and money for a race, though probably available, should not be blithely assumed.

Goldwater replied to Burch in a letter dated January 21, stating that Burch's

Goldwater: The Man Who Made a Revolution, by Lee Edwards (Regnery, 542 pp., $29.95)

Barry Goldwater, by Robert Alan Goldberg (Yale, 451 pp., $27.50)

Mr. Rusher, the former publisher of NR, *is a Senior Fellow at the Claremont Institute.*

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letter "coincides exactly with my thinking." That, he went on, was why he had said that he would not make a decision about 1964 for at least a year, hoping in that way "to slow down the almost hourly pressure to seek the nomination *which I assure you I do not want*" (emphasis supplied). Since Burch was a card-carrying member of Goldwater's "Arizona mafia" (Goldwater later named him chairman of the Republican National Committee, in preference to White), we can dismiss the idea that the senator was deceiving him, too. Both letters were found by Edwards in the Dean Burch Papers at the Center for American History of the University of Texas in Austin. (Goldberg's bibliography does not include the Burch Papers.)

"A long life is a double-edged sword," Goldberg observes, and both authors spend a good deal of time—perhaps too much—recording and trying to reconcile the senator's colorful remarks, in his cranky retirement in Phoenix, on everything from Reagan to abortion and from Nixon ("the most dishonest man" he ever met) to gays in the military.

But in the long perspective of history these recent puffs of smoke from the old volcano simply don't matter. Barry Goldwater's key role in the drama of America is clear: He served, when no one else would or could, as the political rallying-point for a conservative movement that was quietly gathering its strength to take over the country. To do so, he gave up his seat in the Senate he loved, and quietly endured a smear campaign that professionals, thirty years later, still talk about with awe.

Fortunately he survived—to see the victory of many of the things he had fought for, and even the triumph of his basically admirable character over the sneering caricatures that had once concealed it. As long as honesty, and courage, and patriotism, and straightforwardness are honored, people will respect the name of Barry Goldwater. □

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ANDREW FERGUSON

REVIEWING a novel by a famous editor in the magazine that made the editor famous can't help being a tricky business. To impartial ears any praise will seem suspect, any criticism catty. All a reviewer can do under the circumstances (I've decided) is read the book, tell the truth, and cash the check as quickly as possible. And if the novel is worthy of high praise and mild criticism, then the reviewer should consider himself a very fortunate fellow. At the moment I consider myself a very fortunate fellow.

The novel in question is *Brothers No More*, William F. Buckley Jr.'s 11th, and his first to fall outside the genre of spy-adventures. The unexpected blend of virtues that made those earlier books commercial and literary successes—impish humor, historical fidelity, moral seriousness, sex—is present in *Brothers No More*. But Blackford Oakes is gone, as are the conventions of the spy novel generally. They have been replaced by a different kind of ambition, a fresh willingness on the novelist's part to take risks. The risks were worth taking.

The book to which *Brothers No More* will be most often compared—partly because the dust-jacket copy makes the comparison explicitly—is Irwin Shaw's *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Both novels deal with the brotherly affection between boys from opposite sides of the tracks, and with the ways the affection turns sour over the course of decades. But Buckley and Shaw are, to state the obvious, very different sorts of writers. Where Shaw's book sprawls and barrels about, *Brothers No More* advances by means of quick episodes, sharply drawn.

Brothers No More, by William F. Buckley Jr. (Doubleday, 294 pp., $23.95)

Shaw's prose pumps along with an energy that Shaw himself often couldn't control. Buckley's is chiseled and precise. Both novels achieve the same effect of addictive readability.

Danny O'Hara is the rich man of Buckley's story—the grandson, no less, of FDR. His friend Henry comes from a less auspicious background (don't we all?). We meet them on a World War II

Mr. Ferguson is a senior editor of The Weekly Standard.

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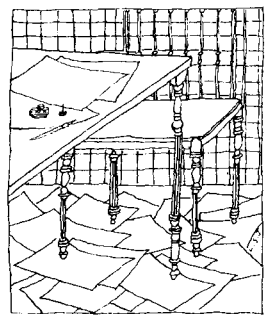
battlefield, in the dead of night, waiting to charge a German unit beyond an open field. When the moment comes, Danny rises to it, destroying the machine-gun nest with a grenade. Henry stays behind in the foxhole, frozen in fear. When at last he moves, it is to turn his gun upon himself and fire.



Henry botches his suicide. But the act of cowardice endures as the defining event in the friendship of the two men. Danny lies to his commanders about Henry's wound and even recommends his friend for a medal—a gesture of malice disguised as an act of mischief. The two pass through college together, and their ties are made more or less permanent when Danny marries Henry's sister. From the first few hints of malevolence Buckley dabs a portrait of deformed character, growing unchecked toward evil. Danny is charming and voluble, handsome and wolfish and clever. Henry is unsure of himself, less quick generally in the worldly arts. The one struggles to overcome the shame of a moment when nerve failed him. The other proves himself capable of larceny and murder.

Buckley's story moves through the decades scene by scene—some of the scenes, in fact, are so self-contained they could stand as discrete short stories. Each advances the larger narrative by deepening a character, elaborating a plot turn, offering up an unexpected clue to some true-life historical event. Many of the techniques will be familiar to readers of the Oakes books. We are introduced to historical personages like Henry Luce, Francis Biddle, and Henry Cabot Lodge. We are plunged into actual events, such as the murder of Diem, and hear the rustle of other events just off stage, such as JFK's dalliance with Marilyn Monroe.

There are Buckley's small jokes. His friend Henry Regnery, the great publisher, is excoriated by one character early on; later, in 1965, a *New York Times* reporter recoils at the thought of having to write a feature on a mayoral candidate named . . . William F. Buckley Jr. A more essential joke—that FDR's grandson, inheritor of the legacy of the New Deal, chooses to make his millions by draining other people's bank accounts—is especially pleasing.

And then appears, at the final turn of the plot, the mystery writer Georges Simenon, whose fame rested at least partly on the fact that he had bedded ten thousand women—or was it that he had written ten thousand books? Probably both. The point is, neither feat was for Simenon terribly time-consuming. Buckley finds cause to dwell on Simenon's legendary output and the speed with which each book was written. The sly joke here, if I'm not mistaken, is to tweak Buckley's own critics, more than one of whom have accused him of producing his books, including his novels, at a slapdash pace.

I have no idea how quickly *Brothers No More* was produced. For all its technical polish, it shows ragged in spots. A few minor characters could easily have been done away with. Some holes in the narrative are filled in by belabored dialogue—a shortcut, and too obvious. When Buckley changes voice the results are unevenly convincing. The breathless prose of a sorority sister writing a letter to her pals is reproduced with perfect pitch, hilarious and touching all at once; his emulation of a *Wall Street Journal* news story is, oddly, much less deft.

Even so, if it's true that *Brothers No More* was written doubletime, I have advice for other writers: Speed up. Buckley is ambitious: in the story of two intertwined lives he wants to scan postwar America, from the end of World War II to the apex of the war in Vietnam. He wants to say something large about history and, at the same time, something intimate, touching on faith and love. This is the tall order that Buckley sets for himself and then manages to fill—an achievement worthy (dare I say it?) of Simenon. □

FILM

Novel Distractions

JOHN SIMON

I DON'T know what I would think today of the movie version of *Pride and Prejudice*, which I loved back then; but with *that* cast, and Aldous Huxley for co-scenarist, it should please me still. I do, however, have trouble with the current adaptation of an even finer Austen novel, ***Persuasion***, for all the nice things it has to recommend it. Let me state that, though I admire and enjoy Jane Austen, I am not a Janeite, and would certainly not concur with Lord David Cecil's declaration, "There are those who do not like her; as there are those who do not like sunshine and unselfishness."

Miss Austen's dialogue is delightful, but her true forte is description, evocation, commentary; no voice in all her fiction is as sparkling as the authorial. And no character in the novels is quite as worldly-wise as the omniscient narrator, who gives omniscience a truly human tone. Yet there is something a bit constrained and constraining about the fictional world in which everything revolves around who will, or will not, marry whom. The traditional ending of comedy may be a marriage, but here it is also the beginning and the middle, with everything, like a stream or rivulet, panting for the matrimonial river to debouch on.

From the standpoint of cinema, in any case, the authorial voice is a major problem. A feature film can bear only so much voiceover, and even the most scrupulously scrutinizing camera cannot catalogue as many details—or catalogue them as stylishly and wittily—as Jane Austen's prose can. So a film adaptation of an Austen novel must reconcile itself in advance to a substantial amount of loss, even if it avoids some of the gratuitous errors here committed.

In the September *New Criterion*, that astute literary critic Brooke Allen, in her essay "Jane Austen for the Nineties," touches briefly on current film and TV versions. She refers to "an ungraceful adaptation of *Persuasion* (in their attempts to purify the movie of Hollywood sheen and give it an air of naturalism, the producers . . . have too zealously ripped away the romantic gauze: the distressing results are an un-

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

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appealing Anne Elliot, a pockmarked Captain Wentworth, a greasy-locked Benwick, and a slovenly-looking Lady Russell)." I disagree only with those pockmarks: careful scanning of every closeup of Ciaran Hinds's face failed to turn up a single one.

Amanda Root lets Anne Elliot and the movie down damnably. "A few years before," we read in the novel, Anne "had been a very pretty girl, but her bloom had vanished early." Miss Root, manifestly a different part of the plant, has no bloom whatsoever, and seems never to have had. A competent actress, she lacks the charm with which even much homelier performers have been known to enchant an audience.

Even more disturbing, though less important, is the Lady Russell of Susan Fleetwood, an actress I could never abide, and who, besides indeed looking slovenly here, towers physically over the tiny Miss Root. You feel that to stop Anne from marrying Wentworth, she might not so much have persuaded her as merely sat on her. And yes, Benwick here is greasy not only of hair, but also of persona and performance. Yet I find Ciaran Hinds a persuasive Wentworth, and all other supporting roles well cast, with Corin Redgrave (Sir Walter), Fiona Shaw (Mrs. Croft), and the wonderful John Woodvine (Admiral Croft) especially admirable.

The screenplay, by the gifted playwright Nick Dear, is adroit enough, and John Daly's cinematography makes the most of what appears to be period lighting (oh, such flickering candles!), while Roger Michell's direction sedulously deconstructs what the young South African calls "that particular glossy, classic look in period drama." But then, the novel itself, written by Miss Austen not long before she died, has about it a middle-aged matte finish, and Jeremy Sams's music, for sober solo piano, spiritedly avoids excess. A few anachronisms can be overlooked, but there is no getting around that not-to-be-overlooked, or looked-at, heroine.

■ Peter Yates, a decent director, has been absent too long, and is welcome back even in second-best form with ***The Run of the Country***. The script, by Shane Connaughton, the co-adapter of the marvelous *My Left Foot*, is based on his own novel, and basks in that indomitable Irishry that, succulently managed, seems never to pall at all, at all.

This is the story of a tough Garda sergeant, referred to only as "Father" or "Sergeant," in a County Cavan village just south of the border with Northern Ireland. His beloved wife has just died, and he is left with a college-age son, Danny, who loves him but considers him a bully implicated in his wife's fatal heart attack. Rebelling, Danny leaves home and moves in with Prunty, a fun-loving farmer and womanizer, who hits the bottle as hard as he does a fellow roisterer's chin. It turns out, though, that there is more to him than that, and Danny learns more from him than the aphrodisiac effect on women of a clove-chewing mouth, although he learns that, too.

Father wants his son to emigrate to America, but Danny meets Annagh Leigh, a girl above his station, half Protestant and half Catholic, and they fall in blissful love. Then several kinds of hell erupt. All these people discover that they do not have the run of the country, that, in fact, it is the country that runs them. Religion, politics, and sheer bad luck have their dismal day, yet something good, too, is salvaged from the suffering. Ireland once again reveals itself as primevally violent and tragic, but always with a countervailing glint of wild humor.

And something else besides: poetry. Where else but in Ireland would you hear this from unsophisticated village lovers: "Who's your favorite poet?"

"Seamus Heaney."

Danny dissents: "He wears his heart on the sleeve."

Comes Annagh's rejoinder: "The only place to wear it." (Interesting to contrast this with Anne and Benwick's discussion in *Persuasion* of the relative merits of Scott and Byron.) But there is poetry also of a more basic sort: in the ardor of everyday language, the fancifulness of the banter, the whimsicality of demeanor. Colors seem keener here, contrasts starker, with the intensity of the landscape (lushly caught by Mike Southon's camera) dictating the boisterous and brutal, frolicsome and impassioned behavior of its inhabitants.

Albert Finney (Father) is English: Matt Keeslar (Danny), American. Yet both manage to be grandly Irish as they suffuse toughness with strangulated tenderness, conformity with a rebellious sense of self. Victoria Smurfit is just right as Annagh: neither pretty nor plain, but both by turns, touchingly combining the earthy with the ethereal. Best of all, however, is Anthony Brophy

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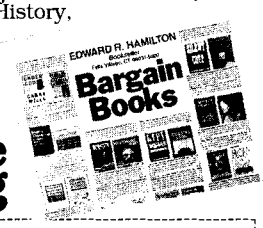

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as Prunty, a fellow of infinite contradictions, contradictions that have no end of fun clashing in his heart and brain and mouth. His is a performance of tremendous tact in its very excess: Brophy finds a serenity at the core of vehemence. And how wonderful that even the funniest scene in the film—where Danny, usurping priestly vestments, is obliged by a farmer to bless his pregnant sow—ends up with an edge of sadness. Everything and everyone here is riven, but, like Tara's harp, the more fiercely plucked, the more tangily resonant.

■ How wrong I was to believe I had plumbed the depths of terminal cuteness in a number of slobberingly sentimental films Hollywood has churned out lately along with its more violent fare. What I mistook for the bottom proves merely the diving board from which ***How to Make an American Quilt*** hurtles into yet more deeply depraved emotional slatternliness that piles soggy platitude on platitude for nearly two mind-dissolving hours.

The framework here is a quilting bee during which a handful of old and middle-aged quilters take turns spilling out to the young heroine (Winona Ryder, and insufferable) their mostly miserable pasts and presents, ostensibly to help her choose wisely between a solid fiancé and a reckless lover. Stereotypical feuds, infidelities, self-sacrifices are banally heaped one upon another, often in duplicate as we hear the stories first from the now older women, then see them re-enacted by their younger selves. With ever-increasing histrionics, plot, character, and diction vie with one another in dimestore bathos. Jocelyn Moorhouse's disgusting direction wallows in this seemingly endless concatenation of attitudinizing clichés, dragging even the able cinematographer Janusz Kaminski (*Schindler's List*) down into flagrant picture-postcardiness, condignly matched by Thomas Newman's treacly score.

A huge cast, quite a few of them famous, make fools of themselves in actions and dialogue by Jane Anderson, one of America's worst playwrights, from a novel by Whitney Otto that makes Harlequin Romances look like Henry James. I allow for critical disagreement in most matters, but must declare anyone with the slightest use for this abomination beyond the pale of civilized discourse. □

SOUND ON DISC

Who Killed English Music?

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

A MUSICOLOGIST with a Dorothy Sayers bent of mind might write an interesting essay on the unexplained death of English music, particularly now that recording companies seem to be systematically issuing the works of Henry Purcell. With him, in the late seventeenth century, English music reached its height—and then virtually perished.

Earlier in the century, under Oliver Cromwell—one of the greater calamities to strike the island—music and theater had been seized by the throat as the Devil's work or, worse, the Papacy's. All public theaters were closed to prevent the works of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson from destroying morals. Music as art and ritual was banned in churches; in many cathedrals, organs and music books were destroyed.

With the Restoration came not only a moral unbuttoning but a resurgence of music. Charles II may have caroused with the Earl of Rochester and sported with Nell Gwyn, but he also remembered the beauties of French music, which he had been exposed to in his exile. At his behest, chamber orchestras were introduced in the great English churches, and the marriage of music and drama was celebrated.

In this flowering, Purcell thrived as a singer, instrumentalist, and composer. His music was applauded everywhere. Like Mozart's, his life was short, but like Mozart he had a prodigious power of invention—he set down more than five hundred compositions that we know of: operas, theater music, religious and liturgical works, secular songs, etc. Like Bach, he was not a creator of musical form; he fused Italian and French elements with the traditions of English music. His major contribution was his revolutionary use of chromatic counterpoint, increasing the scope of music by lifting it above single-key concepts.

But with Purcell's passing, the musical voice of England was silenced, and the works of French, German, and Italian composers took over in London. That is the mystery, for poetry, painting, and other arts flourished. The arts thrive in an expanding economy, and Britain was acquiring power and empire internationally, and prosperity at home. And certainly the Court, the theater, the church, and the entrepreneurial class provided opportunity and incentive to build on Purcell's achievement—an achievement we are now in a position to explore.

The development of the LP brought a brief surge in recordings of early liturgical music, but this was not matched by a Purcell revival. It has taken the Compact Disc to achieve this. I have been listening to five recordings on three labels, and surely others are available. Philips gives us *Dido and Aeneas*, conducted with spirit and drive by John Eliot Gardiner, with Carolyn Watkinson, George Mosley, the Monteverdi Choir, and the English Baroque Soloists. Sony offers Purcell's *Ayres for the Theatre*—instrumental music from such works as *The Fairy Queen*, *King Arthur*, and *Dioclesian*, performed on period instruments by Tafelmusik under Jeanne Lamon's direction—and *Anthems, Hymns, Voluntaries*, which reflects the religious side of the eminent organist at Westminster Abbey. EMI contributes three-, four-, and five-part *Fantazias*—free-wheeling contrapuntal works harking back to a style that was going out when Purcell was a young man—and six- and seven-part additions to the Mass, *In nomine*, performed by a consort of viols identified only as "Fretwork." Also from EMI: a *Te Deum and Jubilate*, music for worship and devotion, but also virtuoso pieces—robust and opulent in their fugal textures—per-

Mr. Toledano is the author of Frontiers of Jazz *and many other books.*

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formed with *brio* by the Taverner Consort, Choir & Players, under Andrew Parrot.

This is dazzling music, embodying the seriousness and the élan of a musical spirit who, like Mozart, reached out to the sorrows and joys of humanity. The mystery remains as to why England lost its voice after Henry Purcell's death, but there is no question as to his genius.

■ *Der Fliegende Holländer* (*The Flying Dutchman*), Richard Wagner's first Wagnerian opera, has been given a foursquare performance by Otto Klemperer (the most foursquare of conductors), the New Philharmonia Orchestra, the BBC Chorus, and soloists Theo Adam, Anja Silja, and Ernst Kozub—on three CDs for EMI. I am no lover of Wagner's posturing, but this work will appeal to those who like Wagner minus the orchestral silk in which Stokowski and others draped large excerpts. The *Dutchman* goes on and on—but Wagnerites will rejoice.

■ You usually can tell after a few grooves. And so it is with *Buddy Tate and His Buddies*. The feeling and the ambiance are there: that remarkable and very solid trumpet, Roy Eldridge; bassist Milt Hinton; saxophone Illinois Jacquet; and for me the most important of all, Mary Lou Williams. In my youth we used to cross Morningside Park from the Columbia campus and hike to the Apollo to hear the Andy Kirk band, and what really drew us there was Mary Lou at the piano. Not only did she make very great music, but she gave the band and its sidemen their drive.

I had never heard her with a small band, six musicians when you include Gus Johnson on drums and Steve Jordan on guitar. This is a reissue of a studio recording made some 22 years ago —and good to have on CD. Of the five cuts, four are mainstream jazz. "When I'm Blue" is far and away the best on this record, a traditional blues made for Williams and Eldridge and Tate, but the other three have it too—in arrangements that give long and free play to the soloists. The fifth cut, the Williams original "Medi-2," is not my dish of tea—over-arranged, mannered, and with little melodic or lyric content. Mary Lou was obviously experimenting in the new styles, but in "Medi-2" she is not the stride pianist who drew us to the Apollo. This is nonetheless a very fine record in the great tradition (Chiaroscuro Records, 830 Broadway, NYC 10003). □

DELECTATIONS

Beware of Greeks

TAKI

IN the autumn of 1972, *NR*'s founder and then–editor-in-chief thought it a good idea to turn me into an intellectual and let me loose among the expatriate literati of the City of Light. I had reported for *NR* from Hué that spring, and had assured our readers that the little men in black pyjamas had been thoroughly beaten once and for all. What I hadn't figured on was Watergate, and the way those nice guys who destroyed Richard Nixon's Presidency would manage to get two birds with one stone. South Vietnam went down when the Commies realized the American cavalry was not about to come to its rescue.

In October of that year, however, things still looked good. Nixon was about to be re-elected in every state but the one that keeps sending Ted Kennedy to drink in Washington. And I was in Paris playing Papa Hemingway. Bill Buckley's idea was for me to interview American writers like Irwin Shaw, James Jones, and Janet Flanner, all three living in Paris. I was excited at the idea and for once went to work immediately.

In fact, I rang James Jones, the author of *From Here to Eternity*, *Some Came Running*, and *Thin Red Line*, from the bar of the Plaza-Athénée, where I was living in great comfort after my *al fresco* stay in Hué. He answered the phone himself, and the conversation went something like this:

Me: "Hello, Mr. Jones, my name is Taki Theodoracopulos and I write for

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NATIONAL REVIEW and would like very much to interview you."

JJ: "I am sorry, but I do not give interviews. Sorry."

Me: "This is very bad news because I'm a struggling writer who just returned from Vietnam and need to feed two children and a wife."

JJ: "Well, we are all struggling writers, what can I say?"

Me: "Some more so than others."

JJ: "What did you say your name was and who do you write for?"

Me: "Taki Theodoracopulos, and it's NATIONAL REVIEW, the William Buckley fortnightly."

JJ: "You poor guy. You better come around."

And around I went, to his beautiful house in the Left Bank, where he and his wife, Gloria, treated me with great kindness and generosity of spirit. Jones, in fact, revealed to me that Paris was over for him, that he was returning to his roots, and—repeating a Hemingway theory—that Paris was for the young and had been irreparably damaged by the modern architecture that was sprouting all over the city. "If I want modern I'll get it at the source, my own country," was the way he put it. A butler served us a wonderful lunch, and then we talked about writing. *Time* magazine had just published some rubbish—Henry Luce had been dead five years, and the rot had set in almost immediately—about how Jones and Shaw were passé because they were simple story-tellers. "Yes," said Jones. "Both Irwin and I write books that have a beginning, a middle, and an end, and we try to entertain our readers."

This was before unreadable and unspeakable individuals such as Salman Rushdie and Jacques Derrida had confused the issue of literature with their Satanic verses and deconstructionist criticism. Still, we found plenty of ammunition against the modernists. Having taken copious notes, which Jones helped me clarify, I bade him and Gloria adieu and thanked them for everything. I had spent six hours with them but it felt like much less.

A couple of weeks later the Joneses and the Shaws were having dinner in a bistro when the *Time* magazine article that had proclaimed the two men dead as novelists came up. Shaw, with whom I skied and played tennis in Gstaad and in Antibes, was outraged. "Who the hell are these no-talents to pass judgment on us?" He then made a few choice remarks about the press.

That is when Jones told him that despite *Time*, they were quite fortunate. "A kid [I was 35] came to see me last month, and he had a family to support on $8,000 per year that Buckley paid him. He had a strange and very long name, a Greek one."

"That's funny," said Shaw. "I know somebody like that. His name is Taki Theodoracopulos."

"Yeah, that's him," said Jones.

"Well," said Shaw, "Taki is not married, has no kids, does the occasional article for *NR*, and in case you're interested I am going on his yacht in the south of France next week."

"Son of a bitch," spluttered Jones. "I've been had by a fascist."

Years later, in Bridgehampton, at a wonderful Fourth of July luncheon given by Liz Fondaras, Shaw recounted the story to me. He was his usual amiable and wonderful self, and couldn't stop laughing. Gloria Jones, too, thought it rather funny. James Jones had sadly passed away. Shaw himself died soon after, but I shall always remember both men's kindness, although I would not have wanted to be near Jones the night he found out that more often than not struggling Greek writers have shipowners as fathers. □

Taki Theodoracopulos is the author of Nothing to Declare.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

1945, by Newt Gingrich and William R. Forstchen (Baen Books, Riverdale, N.Y., 382 pp., $24)

FANS of Newt Gingrich may be hard put to find much evidence of the fighting Speaker or the inspiring lecturer in this novel of a World War II that might have been (would have been, as the dustjacket has it) if Hitler had not declared war on the U.S. in 1941. Presumably Gingrich's co-author and, especially, the book's "technical editor," Albert S. Hanser, have earned their pay. If your tolerance for catalogues of aircraft and weaponry and their capabilities is moderately well-developed, you should find this a genuine thriller and a gripping read. It deals mainly with a German commando raid on Oak Ridge, Tennessee, at a crucial stage of the Manhattan Project in (oddly, in view of the book's title) 1946, but there is also a lot of geostrategic debate about the German campaign for which the attack is a curtain-raiser. This features a real but fictionally re-elected Winston Churchill, a fictional but Truman-like American President, and the real but rather unrealistically subdued and compliant figures of General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey. Although much publicized, a sexy spy actually plays only a small part, and the sex itself could hardly be more demure and understated. The true note of Newt Gingrich is sounded in occasional excursuses on the iniquities of bureaucracy, the folly of gun control, or the dangers of national complacency. —JAMES BOWMAN

The New Testament and Psalms: An Inclusive Version, edited by Victor Roland Gold, Thomas L. Hoyt Jr., Sharon H. Ringe, Susan Brooks Thistlethwaite, Burton H. Throckmorton Jr., and Barbara Withers (Oxford, 535 pp., $14.95)

IN his translation of the Bible, Martin Luther made God speak German. In this "inclusive version," the editors attempt to make God politically correct. To avoid sexism, they cut out God the Father and begin the Lord's Prayer with "Our Father–Mother in heaven." The Son of Man becomes "the Human One." Children should not "obey" their parents but simply "heed" them. To avoid offending people of color, the editors eliminate all references equating "darkness" with sin, evil, or ignorance. They prefer "dominion" to "kingdom" because the latter implies male authority, and they reduce the number of references to "lord" and "master" because these words connote male control or slavery. Seeking to make the Scriptures accessible to all, they replace or rephrase "all gender-specific language not referring to particular historical individuals, all pejorative references to race, color, religion," or "physical disability." The editors' solicitude is touching. The reader is left wondering how, before they came along, the Bible managed to get through to men and women, to the lame and the blind, to people of every clime and color—as today's 2.8 billion Biblical believers attest. —ERNEST W. LEFEVER

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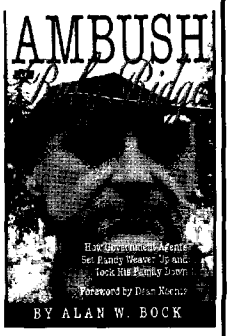

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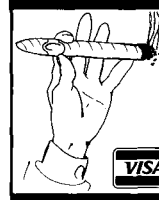
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21 a	22 f	23 b	24 F		25 N	26 Q	27 H	28 Y	29 Q		30 I	31 T	32 I		33 F	34 e	35 G	36 I	37 I	38 d	39 T		40 a
41 M		42 T	43 Z	44 V		45 E	46 Q	47 K	48 F	49 g	50 T		51 F	52 P	53 N		54 f	55 F	56 G	57 T		58 E	59 d
60 W	61 N	62 W		63 T	64 N	65 B	66 S	67 H	68 A		69 U	70 E	71 O	72 H	73 M	74 J		75 V	76 W		77 U	78 O	
79 U	80 Z	81 c	82 F		83 g	84 X	85 f	86 R		87 X	88 N	89 L	90 K	91 Y		92 Q	93 I	94 Q		95 T	96 g	97 T	98 d
	99 F	100f		101V	102f	103D	104P		105K	106I		107d	108G		109I	110J		111H	112H	113F	114N	115D	116F
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136g		137Q	138I	139G	140H	141b	142g	143S	144B	145e	146d		147Z	148f	149d	150f	151b	152R	153e		154D	155L	156V
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218K		219R	220Q		221C	222L	223U	224c	225C	226X		227b	228N	229b		230J	231b	232c	233a	234b	235J		

A. Flax
68 15 124

B. Descendant of Jacob's fourth son by Leah
65 144 117

C. Appellation (Gr.)
167 221 207 1 121 225 208 202 166

D. Indulgently affectionate
103 71 154 115

E. Affected in dress
58 197 45 158 194 126 70

F. Bishopric
116 48 99 24 113 33 82 171 51 55

G. Respite
56 191 160 188 35 108 139 161

H. Alluring
6 112 111 72 67 193 27 186 140

I. Vainglorious show
138 169 30 32 36 109 5 203 37 106 93

J. Pluto's realm (2 words)
201 119 182 204 17 235 176 110 162 230 74

K. Methuselah was long in the _____
218 47 11 105 90

L. Bleed copiously
118 187 190 164 222 123 179 159 89 155

M. Full of incident
3 134 173 192 210 41 12 73

N. Unintelligible expression
184 88 25 64 53 13 114 61 228

O. Work
78 170 181 163

P. Instrument for measuring resistance
185 52 20 215 205 104 135 18

Q. Such as the notorious Massachusetts senator
94 46 213 92 137 220 29 198 26

R. Finer distinctions
157 152 4 219 130 125 86 177 122 8

S. Enchant
66 19 133 143 128 165

T. Meriting note
39 50 95 206 168 63 97 42 31 57

U. Marked (as a claim)
69 77 183 79 223 200

V. Push one's way roughly
44 101 75 180 156

W. Not furtive
214 16 76 60 62

X. Promote
10 129 226 178 84 211 87

Y. Ancient Germanic assembly
91 2 7 28 14

Z. Carved in bold strokes
43 80 147 189

a. "Today's political liberal is all pathos and no _____."
21 233 196 40 175

b. Familiar Christian prayer (2 words)
172 231 23 229 174 217 151 195 227 234 141

c. Newt
81 224 232

d. Neglecteth, leaveth out
38 107 59 120 146 98 149 127

e. One proud of his learning
34 216 131 212 145 153

f. Biblical sea monster
199 102 54 148 85 100 150 209 22

g. Barfly's fuel of choice?
96 83 132 136 142 9 49

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. ADAMS: *The American Revolution*: "But what do we mean by the American Revolution? Do we mean the American war? The revolution was effected before the war commenced. The revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people; a change in their religious sentiments, of their duties and obligations."

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Defend America?

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 19

Rep. Henry Hyde of Illinois has introduced a measure under the title, Defend America Act of 1995. He is joined by Rep. Martin Hoke of Ohio in coming up with an idea strange to the imagination, namely that the defense of America depends to some extent on the freedom to act, and that that freedom to act was substantively forfeited in 1972 in the ABM Treaty.

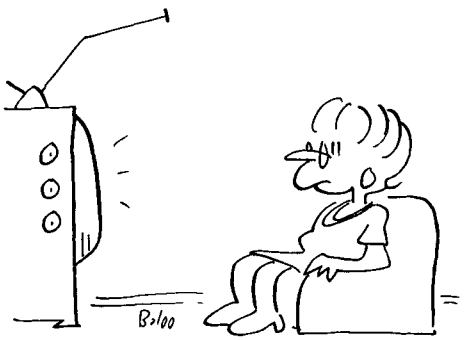
We are talking about that legendary bone of contention that allegedly forbids certain kinds of experiments in anti-missile technology, and flatly forbids deployment in more than one site. For a long time, a technical argument engaged legislators and diplomats as to whether experiments focused on the "brilliant pebble" were precluded under the terms of the 1972 agreement. The idea has been to arm satellites with slingshots, in effect, to destroy atmosphere-bound missiles. But the interesting question became, in the first phase, Why don't we pull away from the 1972 treaty? When Caspar Weinberger was secretary of defense under President Reagan he argued the legitimacy of experimentation, but Congress was not convinced, and appeasers all over the world argued against pulling back from any treaty the Soviet Union had agreed to.

Mr. Reagan, though the proud author of the original insight into anti-missile missiles (the Strategic Defense Initiative), never got around to serving the six-month notice required by the treaty to announce its rescission. Out of office, Mr. Weinberger publicly argued in favor of rescission, but his voice and other voices were drowned out by appeasers and others afraid of any initiative the Soviet Union would frown on.

But of course now, although we have a treaty, there is a question whether the entity with which we entered into that arrangement still exists. The government of "Russia" is not the legitimate heir to the government of the Soviet Union, any more than the government of Lenin was the heir to the government of Nicholas II. Still . . . (it is argued) it does no particular harm to proceed as though the treaty were alive. The thing to do is to rescind it.

Now this can hardly be interpreted as a provocative act given that the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction is no longer operative, since Russia and America are no longer at war against each other. But the Senate of the United States, on September 6, reached a "bipartisan compromise" on the matter of missile defense. The senators who produced that compromise claimed to have been guided by their concern for missile defense. But what they proceeded to do was to authorize future deployment only on behalf of America's allies, and American forces abroad. The important question, which has to do with research and deployment for continental defense, is therefore skirted, leaving us, in the phrase of defense strategist Frank Gaffney, in a state of "abject vulnerability" to nuclear attack by missiles of a rogue state.

The senators who framed the great evasion of September 6 acknowledge all the correct things. "The threat that is posed to the national security of the United States by the proliferation of ballistic and cruise missiles is significant and growing, both quantitatively and qualitatively. . . . There is a danger that determined countries will acquire intercontinental ballistic missiles in the near future and with little warning by means other than indigenous development." The senators' research even acknowledges that "the concept of mutual assured destruction, which was one of the major philosophical rationales for the ABM Treaty, is now questionable as the basis for stability in a multipolar world." So? So—do nothing. That is, nothing that contributes to continental defense.



"It's 10 P.M.—do you know where the President's core beliefs are?"

Congressman Hyde, with his keen eye for the quick of a question, acknowledges that the shadow of the 1972 treaty has the effect of dimming strategic and tactical visibility, and should be disposed of once and for all. Accordingly, the Hyde–Hoke measure would direct the President to notify the Russian Federation that the United States intends to exercise its right under the treaty's Article XV to withdraw from the accord.

One has to hope that an enlightened debate will ensue. There aren't really many questions that need answering. 1) Does rescission of the treaty in any conceivable way endanger Russia? (No.) 2) Can research and deployment help us to shore up our defenses? (Yes.) 3) Are there other nations that might benefit from a vigorous anti-missile program? (Yes. All nations that wish protection from missiles.) □

Say Hello To Senator Lugar

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 15

Richard Lugar was in town, and when that happens these days to the restrained, brainy senior senator from Indiana it means he is engaged in promoting his presidential candidacy. You shut your eyes, think for a minute: Who *is* Richard Lugar? The snippets form up deep in the memory. Yes . . . Rhodes scholar . . . mayor of Indianapolis . . . U.S. senator . . . strangely overlooked by George Bush when he went to the other senator from Indiana, Mr. Quayle, as Vice President, given that Lugar had been around longer and has here and there been prominent in foreign-affairs analysis.

"I know more about foreign policy than anyone running for President or serving as President," he says, "and that is a modest claim." He is not the wisecracking kind, but it is an effective line and, one supposes, will be used by him in Iowa and New Hampshire, provided he can find an audience there that is interested in foreign policy.

Well, what *are* his audiences interested in hearing about? The answer is: mostly taxes. Senator Lugar has proposed the elimination of the Internal Revenue Service. The *what*? someone in the company asked. Yes . . . exactly that. And a 50 per cent reduction in the capital-gains tax.

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Well, but how are we going to finance all that?

A consumption tax. Richard Lugar is all for growth, but he doesn't count on it to guarantee the long-term growth of the American economy. What we do need to do is to disencumber the economy, which is groggy from taxation and regulation. But the future of the economy is the world market. Hundreds of millions of people who want, and will increasingly be able to pay for, American products.

But doesn't that run into the burgeoning protectionist bloc? Yes, indeed it does, and Pat Buchanan is doing a very good job in stirring that up. "I had an exchange with Pat recently and I told him the United States was running a trade surplus with Europe." He was flatly unaware of this, and showed it.

"Senator Gramm said recently," a guest said, "that as a sometime economics professor he is well equipped to challenge the high-tariff people, but that this can't be done in a two-minute give-and-take or over talk radio. Are you going to talk about 'comparative advantage' in a stump debate?"

Well, said the senator, the answer to that question is: You have to do it. "Do you know something? It costs one thousand dollars less to assemble an automobile in Indiana than it does in Mexico. One *thousand* dollars, because our workers have the training, the capital plants, the education, the advantages of transportation. Windshield wipers for cars, manufactured in Canada, are moving to the U.S.—because it's cheaper. But Pat has them cheering and hollering with arguments from another age."

Is it true, as recently heard, that if GATT and NAFTA were up for ratification tomorrow in the Senate they wouldn't get through? Yes, the senator said, that is true, and true also that some of the young Republican congressmen are infected with the protectionist virus.

The candidate went on to talk about the problems of the front-runner. A few months ago, he said, Mr. Dole was running ahead of Mr. Clinton in California. Now he is behind. It is entirely possible that in May the GOP will wake up to find that no one candidate has got a majority of the delegates. So what has been planned between May and August? The answer to that is: Nothing. Nothing has been planned between May and August. But during that time I could knit together my positions—for lower taxes, and increased trade—and take on Clinton after my nomination. "But you have to learn to put your message, like on tariffs, down in black and white, in large type."

Well, one guest asked, why haven't you done that? Gotten a couple of ad people together and given them that assignment? The senator is not fast on the polemical draw. He might have said that there is no equivalent of $E = mc^2$ for the tariff argument, but he let it go. "That's a good idea."

Is Senator Lugar getting anywhere? The objective indices aren't pulling for him. His finances are strained, and he barely showed up in the Iowa skirmish two weeks ago. He leaves you with the comfortable feeling of having been in the company of a decent, well-educated man who was a groundbreaking mayor, and is a fine senator. □

Steve Forbes, Front and Right

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22

The entry into the presidential race of Malcolm (Steve) Forbes Jr. is something more than merely ho-ho time. Commentator William Schneider, on CNN, snappily summed it up: If Dole stumbles, it becomes an open race, and Forbes has the money to project his views.

They are as rumored. The single unusual feature of his free-market program is a call for a return to the gold standard, something we have not heard much about since Lewis Lehrman retired from politics. Money-exchange issues don't have the sex they had back when William Jennings Bryan set out to save the American people from crucifixion on a cross of gold. What the word "gold" tends to communicate today is merely sound currency, anti-inflation. Mr. Forbes assured his following that when his Administration takes office, once again people will be able to think in terms of 4.5 per cent interest rates on their mortgages.

Beware, said Forbes, the use of the comparative "-er." As in "cheaper" government, "lower" taxation. Forbes would do away entirely with the tax code. He calls for a $36,000 exemption from federal taxes, after which the tax would be a flat 17 per cent. Capital-gains taxes would be phased out. Prometheus, unbound.

Steve Forbes will tell you in unharassed conversation that there is something missing in the other campaigners for the Republican nomination. In his announcement speech he paid the formal courtesies to the other candidates: every one of them would be an improvement on what we now have. "[Yet] I think a lot of people would agree, there is an empty feeling in this campaign so far. One reason is that none of the other candidates is raising high the banner of economic expansion and opportunity. . . . But there are other reasons for the empty feeling. The fact is, the other candidates, on both sides, are insiders. And we all know that if the insiders had the answers, they would have implemented them by now." The emphasis, says Forbes, is on his own entrepreneurial background. This uniquely qualifies him, in his understanding, to lead the charge to high-octane economic energy.

But when he has the quiet opportunity to do so, he focuses, of course, on Phil Gramm, the only competitor in sight, in the event Dole should founder. "He is as smart a man as I have ever known," Steve Forbes will tell you. But—he thinks—Gramm's candidacy overstresses the negative, the need to cut spending in particular. Forbes is the enthusiast who sees an American giant bursting with innovative energy, shackled by the Lilliputians of Washington with their tax codes, regulations, bureaucracy—the culture of Washington, which, he says, as a true outsider he is uniquely liberated from. Steve Forbes truly believes that the special music in the political air of 1996 is not elsewhere being heard, and that he can serve as the tunesmith for the nation.

The announcement speech he made was hardly musical (". . . like John F. Kennedy did," "like Ronald Reagan did . . ."—Steve Forbes and Adlai Stevenson attended the same college!). But it was very very American. He has come into the political fight with the brashness of the wholesome iconoclast. There is nothing there of the grouch, no petulance, no swagger: Steve Forbes is not Ross Perot. And even though the odds are preposterously adverse, he is willing to make the run and to finance his own campaign.

What can sympathetic but skeptical conservatives say about it all? "Look," Forbes said recently to a friend. "I am a male, I am white, a Protestant, an Ivy Leaguer, rich, business-oriented, without practical political experience. It couldn't be worse, but at least I'd like to be free to fall down on my own arse, without any help from conservatives." Fair enough, and bon voyage. □

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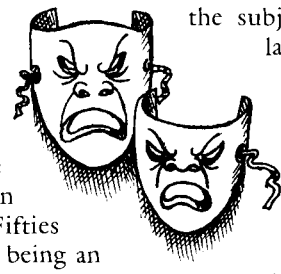
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

AS the culture war heats up and the attacks on Hollywood decadence mount in anticipation of the 1996 election, I find myself remembering the Hollywood that started me off on the road to cultural polish.

The memories are especially poignant at this time of year. On October 7, 1959, I was devastated by a newspaper headline: "Mario Lanza Dies in Rome." My first crush, the man who had aroused my romantic and musical passions in such exquisite tandem that I could not tell one from the other, was dead at 38.

The young now ask: Who was Mario Lanza? Born Alfredo Cocozza in Philadelphia, his powerful tenor voice and extraordinary good looks won him the title role in *The Great Caruso* in 1951. His success began in the hearts of teenage girls but it went straight to the heart of something much deeper. As a music critic of the time put it: "Mario Lanza is the symbol of America's cultural democracy." Because of him, anyone who was in high school in the early Fifties stands an excellent chance of being an opera lover regardless of background or education.



My own story is typical. I was born into the class that no one admits to: the lower middle. People brag about being poor but nobody brags about punching two holes in a can of Carnation evaporated milk and calling it coffee cream.

My family's musical tastes were what you might expect, only worse. My father, a free-lance musician who had played the banjo in speakeasies during Prohibition, was fixated on the popular tunes of the Twenties. His favorite shaving song was "Don't Bring Lulu," which he sang while conducting a contest with himself to see if he could arrive at his upper lip when he hit the line, "You can bring Rose with the turned-up nose."

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

My mother, who grew up in World War I, was partial to "We Don't Want the Bacon, We Just Want a Piece of the Rhine," and that anthem to the orally challenged, "K-K-K-Katie." (She also knew the sequel, "Sthop Your Sthutterin', Thimmy.")

But it wasn't all Tin Pan Alley pep. My grandmother favored us with lugubrious Victorian ballads about fallen women who realized, too late, the error of their ways when a letter edged in black was delivered to the brothel: "And sadder she seems / When of Mother she dreams / In the mansion of aching hearts."

I was less than transported, and growing up in the Forties didn't help. When "Mairzy Doats" came out I decided that I hated music.

To people like us, opera was music for rich people, music to laugh at, the subject of cartoons about fat ladies in horned helmets. But then along came Mario Lanza, with his deep dimples, burning black eyes, and crystal-shattering high Cs. His first two movies were musicals containing some opera, but *The Great Caruso* pulled out all the stops. The film was saturated with the major tenor arias in the Italian repertoire, plus the sextet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the quartet from *Rigoletto*, and the final duet from *Aida*.

Lanza hit me like whiskey hits . . . well, you know. I saw *The Great Caruso* over and over. My favorite part was the *Rigoletto* aria whose first line sounded like "the doughnut is moppylay." Wanting to know what it meant but having no one to ask, I got *The Victor Book of Operas* from the library and learned that it was "*La Donna e Mobile*": woman is fickle.

In this way I pieced out the name of every aria and ensemble piece in the movie, and learned the plots of all the operas. I spent my modest allowance on Lanza's records (among the last 78 rpms), but soon the tenor arias were not enough; I wanted to hear whole operas. Thanks to the craze Lanza had started, they were being recorded on the newly invented long-playing records. We didn't have an LP phonograph so I listened to them in the public library, sitting for hours in the stuffy little audio room, following the librettos. By this time I was in fourth-year French so the Italian made sense; I learned to pronounce it and acquired a small vocabulary.

This sounds like weird-kid behavior, a specialty of mine, but for once I was a conformist. All the other girls had crushes on Lanza too, so everybody was into opera. We sang the easy-to-carry "*M'appari*" from *Martha* in the gym locker room, and even tried the famous tour de force from *Pagliacci*, laughing and sobbing so maniacally that the teacher came running in to see what was wrong.

ARTURO Toscanini called Mario Lanza "the greatest voice of the twentieth century," but he was much more. Those presently engaged in a Diogenean search for heroes should stop and reflect that Lanza was the only person in the history of the world to succeed in elevating teenage musical tastes. He did it, moreover, without creating snobs. Although my generation were products of a decade notorious for status seeking, having a crush on an opera singer pointed us toward the higher goal of self-improvement. Inspired by girlish passion, we earned our status the old-fashioned way: we "bettered" ourselves.

Today I am a fair connoisseur of opera, knowing what to listen for in important spots, such as the end of "*Di Quella Pira*," and, after sufficient martinis, able to sing "*Alerte!*" from *Faust*—quite a feat, since it's a trio. I've come a long way from "We'll crown Bill the Kaiser with a bottle of Budweiser," and I owe it all to Mario Lanza.

A candle always flares up before it goes out: after Lanza, the next teenage idol was Elvis. Our entertainment is now so debased that it will take more than election-year growls from Bob Dole to set it right. We have carried egalitarianism to such a maniacal extreme that we now regard beauty as an affront. The national anthem must be sung at ballgames by tone-deaf croakers, and actresses with classical faces have been replaced by cross-eyed Karen Black and pop-eyed Susan Sarandon. What is needed is a Minister of Culture—but we're not supposed to say that. □

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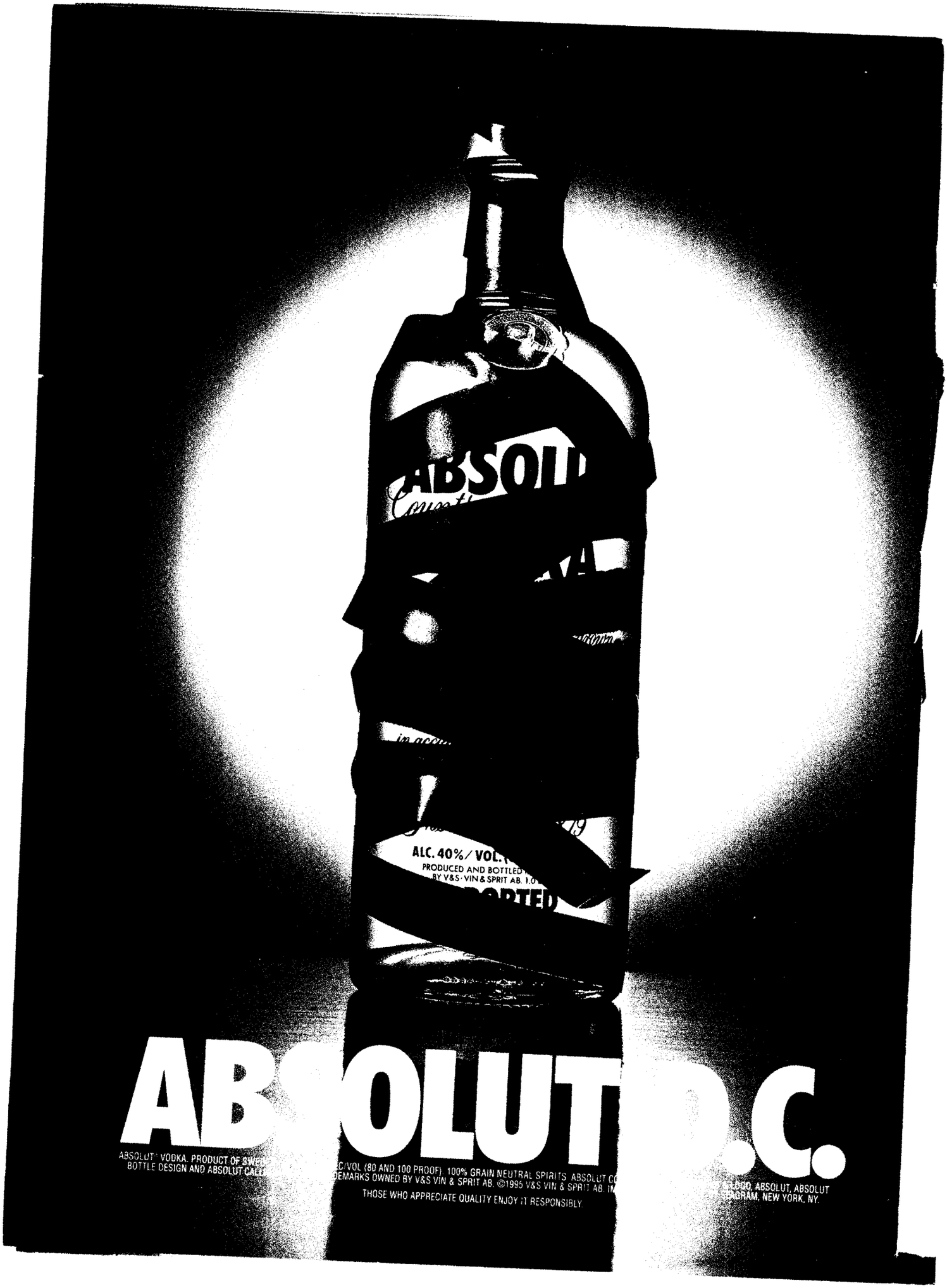
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